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FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1882:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' BASQUE.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This consists of basque No. 8103, which is made up in black brocaded grenadine and tastefully trimmed with *passementerie* and plaited Spanish lace. The pattern to the basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. It may be developed in silk, velvet, suiting or any fashionable goods and trimmed with any appropriate garniture. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide.



8105

Front View.

CHILD'S DRESS.



8105

Back View.

No. 8105.—At Child's figure No. 3, represented on page 3, may be seen another illustration of this mode. The pattern may be developed in any fabric suited to children and receive whatever style of decoration is preferred. It is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. The front view represents the dress in low-necked, sleeveless style, while the back view shows it high-necked and long-sleeved. For a child of 4 years, it needs $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

LADIES' PANIER BASQUE.

No. 8138.—For a lady of medium size, this handsome basque will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price of any size, 30 cents.



8138
Front View.



Back View. **8138**



FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This consists of dress pattern No. 8128, which may be made up in any preferred material. It is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the dress for a child of 5 years, requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



8130
Front View.

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 8130.—Another view of this costume may be seen at Ladies' figure No. 4 on page 4. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be made up in lawn, linen or any fashionable goods. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, needs $12\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price, 40 cents.



Back View. **8130**

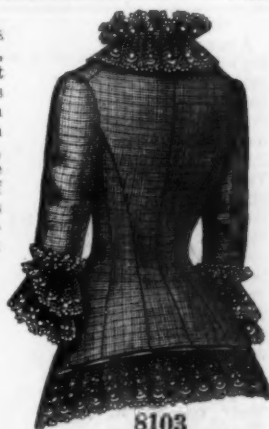
LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 8103.—Another view of this stylish basque in a different material, with other decorations, may be seen at Ladies' figure No. 1 on page 1 of this issue. Checked bunting is made up in the present instance. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In making the basque for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 36 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8103

Front View.



8103

Back View.



FIGURE No. 3.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 3.—This consists of dress No. 8105, again shown in two views—one of which shows the neck cut low—upon page 1. Any material may be chosen for its construction. It is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 4 years, it needs $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide, or $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 8142.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $9\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain goods and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of brocaded 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard brocaded 48 inches wide. Price, 40 cents.



8142

Front View.



8142

Back View.

FIGURE NO. 4.—LADIES' TOILETTE.

A summery-looking toilette of floriated, cream-colored batiste is here delineated, with misty looking Mechlin lace for its garniture. Two narrow side-plaitings of the material encircle the foot of its short, round skirt, the upper one being set on to form its own heading, while the lower one serves as a support for a side-plaited frill of deep lace that entirely conceals it. The front and sides of the skirt are over-draped in an artistic fashion by a deep *tablier*, which is smoothly fitted at the top by darts, plaited up stylishly into the side-back seams, and draped into two graceful but irregular points by a row of shirring made nearly to the belt at the right side. The fullness is apparently bunched up beneath a pointed strap, which in this instance is covered by a pretty *jabot* of lace. The point at the right side is short, while that at the left descends nearly to the foot of the skirt, and the lower edge of the drapery is bordered all around with a frill of deep lace.

The over-dress presents a deep basque effect at the front and sides, and is deepened in polonaise fashion at the back to provide the back-drapery. The adjustment is due to the use of curved darts and seams, and is gracefully smooth in its elegant closeness. The fronts close with button-holes and buttons, and below



the closing being concealed beneath double cascades of lace, which latter is continued in a full frill about the edges of the basque fronts and also about all the edges of the back-drapery. The latter is made *bouffante* by its handsome drapings, and falls low upon the skirt. The sleeves are up-turned at the wrists in lace-bordered cuffs, and a dainty bow of ribbon adds to their effectiveness. A double frill of lace encircles the neck, its ends being hidden by a bow of satin ribbon at the throat, a loop and end of similar ribbon being tacked amid the cascade folds below.

The pattern to this costume is No. 8130, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 40 cents. It is a most beautiful fashion for grenadines, sateens, gingham, plain or figured mulles, sheer lawns, floriated, polka-dotted and plain foulards, and summery fabrics of all varieties, and for cloths, silks, flannels, brocades, satins and similar textures. The garniture may be laces, embroideries, plaitings, shirred-and-puffed trimmings, or whatever the fancy may suggest. Ribbons may also be added to produce a dressy effect.

The parasol is of batiste, edged with lace.

The jaunty hat is of Milan straw, with a velvet-faced rolling brim, and is

prettily decorated with creamy ostrich plumes.

FIGURE NO. 4.—LADIES' TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 5.—LADIES' RIDING-HABIT.

FIGURE NO. 5.—This handsome costume for an *equestrienne* is made of dark green lady's cloth, and consists of three portions—a skirt, basque, and trousers. These last fit easily, but not too loosely, and reach to about the ankle. Hems of medium depth finish the bottom of the legs, which are shaped by seams at the inside and outside. The back is fitted smoothly by means of darts and a center seam, and the front is closed with buttons and button-holes arranged on a fly, the top being sewed plainly to a belt.

The skirt, which is composed of a front-gore and a back-breadth, is attached to a shaped band, and is longer at the right side than at the left. Two cross-wise 'dart seams are taken' up in the right side of the front-gore, and another in the right side of the back-breadth. Two elastic straps are arranged underneath, one at the gore and the other at the breadth, so that the fair *equestrienne*, inserting her feet in these loops, can prevent the skirt being blown about by the wind, the elastics being assisted by the lead concealed in the hem finishing the bottom of the skirt. A placket-opening is made at the top of the seam at the left side, the opening being concealed by a triangular-shaped fly, which closes underneath with button-holes and but-



tied to another tape attached to the band, to assist in retaining the fly tightly in position. An opening is made down the center of the fly, and a pocket for the handkerchief and pocket-book is inserted. The band is closed with hooks and loops; and a loop of silk cord, attached by means of an eye to a hook sewed to the band at the left side, affords a means of raising the extra length of the skirt.

The basque is closed with button-holes and buttons to a short distance below the waistline, the fronts falling apart below that with a deep, notched effect. The basque is adjusted by two bust darts in each side of the front, side-backs reaching to the arms'-eyes, and a shapely back fitted without a center seam. The side-backs extend but a short distance below the hips, an added side-skirt producing the necessary length. The lower edge of the front curves upward over the hips, while the side-skirt and back descend in slightly curving outline well over the skirt. The sleeve is incoat shape, and has an opening and an underlap on the upper side at the back of the wrists.

The pattern to the riding-habit, No. 8124, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches bust measure, and costs 50 cents.

FIGURE NO. 5.—LADIES' RIDING-HABIT.

The hat is of black silk, with a dark green veil.



8109
Front View.

inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires 6½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 5 yards 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8135

LADIES'
WALKING
SKIRT.

No. 8109.

—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36

LADIES'
SLEEVE,

(THREE-QUARTERS LENGTH).

No. 8135.

—To make a pair of sleeves like this pattern, requires 1 yard of



8109

Side-Back View.

material 22 inches wide, or ¾ yard of goods either 36 or 48 inches wide. It is in one size, and costs 10 cents.



8131

Front View.

The pattern to this stylish walking skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt, without the trimmings represented, for a lady of medium size, will require 8 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 5½ yards of goods 36 inches wide, or 4 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8115

LADIES'
WALKING
SKIRT.

No. 8131.—

LADIES'
WRAP.

No. 8115.—

This novel and handsomewrap

is very unique in design. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment as represented for a lady of medium size, will require 2½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards of goods 36 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8131

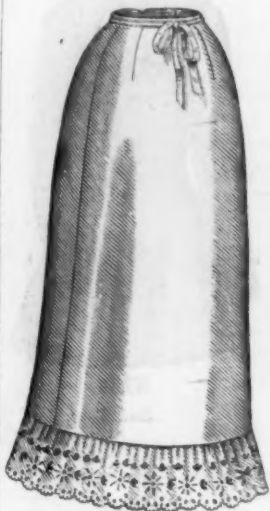
Side-Back View.

**8112***Front View.***8144****LADIES' SHOULDER-CAPE.**

No. 8144.—To make this cape, will need $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 22 inches wide, or $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price, 15 cts.

**8112***Side-Back View.*

No. 8112.—The above engravings illustrate a novel style of walking skirt, developed in plain bunting and trimmed with the material and *Barcelone* lace. It is charming for figured mulls, lawns, batistes, etc.; and the decorations may be applied in any preferred manner. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, will require $8\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**8106***Front View.***8113****LADIES' PETTICOAT.**

No. 8106.—

A gracefully hanging and perfectly ad-

justed petticoat is here pictured. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 5 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.

LADIES' WAIST, WITH SHIRRED SKIRT.

No. 8113.

—This pat-

tern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 ins. wide. Price, 30 cts.

**8106***Side-Back View.*



8140
Front View.



**FIGURE NO. 6.—GIRLS' MORN-
ING COSTUME.**

FIGURE NO. 6.—This consists of wrapper No. 8125, which is here made up in cambric and trimmed with lace. Any variety of dress material, whether washable or otherwise, may be developed in this fashion, and the decorations may be arranged in any tasteful manner. To make the wrapper for a girl of 7 years, will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



8140

Side-Back View.

OVER-SKIRT.

this stylish over-skirt is in 9 inches, waist measure. Lace, flat bands or plain hems finish make the over-skirt as pictured of medium size, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8134
Front View.



8134


Back View.

LADIES' JACKET.

No. 8134.—This stylish-looking jacket is here made of bunting and trimmed with silk pipings and pretty buttons. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment as represented in the engravings for a lady of medium size, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

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"STRINGING PEARLS AT VENICE."—Page 150.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

L.

JULY, 1882.

No. 7.



EARLY IN THE MORNING.

The old adage be true, that "the early bird catches the worm," it follows that if you want to see him do it you must be an early bird yourself. The first two hours after daybreak are worth all the rest of the day to the observer of nature, and the first hour is twice as valuable as the second.

Whether taught by instinct or reason, the birds know well enough that their great enemy, man, is not to be seen for several hours after daybreak, and, in consequence, they lay aside the precautions of their mid-day existence, take no pains to conceal their presence, and act as freely as if they were in an uninhabited land.

So if the reader wishes to enjoy such a sight as is depicted in the illustration, he must be up very early in the morning and, if possible, take up his position before sunrise. One other condition is needed, that he preserve absolute stillness, and not speak a word. Wild animals do not seem to be afraid of a whistle; so that if two joint observers are sitting as they ought to do—face to face, so that each can see what takes place behind the other—they can communicate by a code of whistling without giving alarm. Those who know the Morse system of telegraphy can thus talk as freely as if by actual speech, and yet will cause no

alarm; whereas, a single spoken word or hasty gesture will not only drive away every animal in the neighborhood, but will cause them to lose confidence in the spot for many days afterwards.

Should a single observer be at work, he should sit facing westwards, and, if possible, with a brush, tree, or even a stump behind him. The rising sun will then be at his back, so that he will not be dazzled by its rays, and as he will be in shadow he will be comparatively inconspicuous.

Another practical reason is, that a brilliant light, especially that of the sun, irresistibly causes many people to sneeze; and as the sunrise hour is just the most valuable out of the twenty-four, it is a pity to risk the loss of the morning's work by a sneeze which might have been avoided.

If two observers be engaged together, they had better sit north and south, so as to divide the sun between them.

As soon as the first sound of human voices are heard, or the first indications of human labor perceived, the birds begin to slip away almost imperceptibly, and by the time that the plow is at work in the field, and the roll of the wagon-wheel heard in the lane, the busy scene is deserted, and the merry chirping is silenced.

In all cases where birds are the subjects of observation, a telescope or field-glass—preferably the



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In all cases where birds are the subjects of observation, a telescope or field-glass—preferably the

latter—is a necessity. It is not enough to see the birds pecking on the ground or among the branches, our chief object being to discover the nature of their food. Such a group as that which has been depicted in our large illustration, may be seen on a bright spring morning, pecking away among the branches, and apparently making short work of every bud. That they do eat the buds cannot be denied; and the gardeners have, therefore, some justification in reckoning the little birds as their enemies, and using every available means of keeping them off the trees.

So it is no matter of wonder that a gardener who devotes himself to fruit should think, when he sees the birds eating the buds, that they have come for the purpose of destroying the fruit crops. He can see the bud picked off the branch, but he cannot see, nor does he suspect, "the worm i' the bud" which the early bird has come to devour. Did he reflect on the relationship of birds and fruit, he would understand that if the birds were really so destructive as he imagines, there could be no fruit at all.

Now, though the seed-eating birds, such as the finch tribe generally, might be obnoxious to the charge of bud destruction, neither of these birds which are represented in the illustration ought to be even suspected of it.

Take, for example, the Titmouse group, beginning with the Great Titmouse (*Parus major*), two of which are squabbling together after their usually quarrelsome manner. I would not say that this bird never eats vegetable food, but I am sure that it scarcely ever does so from choice.

Fortunately for us the Great Titmouse is exceedingly plentiful in this country (England), and if it be not visible to the eye, it can be detected by the ear. It is one of the most garrulous of birds, seeming to be absolutely incapable of keeping silence. To human ears its voice is peculiarly discordant, the bird uttering nothing but a single, sharp, grating cry, perpetually repeated, and being to sensitive ears indescribably wearisome. It is only fair, however, to say that we ought not to judge other creatures by ourselves; and, although we may consider the cry of the Great Titmouse harsh and unmusical as the setting of a saw, the birds which utter and hear it may consider it as melodious as the song of a nightingale. Even human ears are differently affected by sounds, and, strange as it may appear, there are human beings who like the bagpipes.

There is certainly one habit of the bird which is rather injurious to civilized man. Many insects, such as the smaller *Andrena* bees, usually make their cells in burrows excavated by themselves. As, however, like mankind in general, the bees will not take needless trouble, if they can find a burrow ready made, or anything that will answer the same purpose, they will appropriate it.

The hollow straws used in thatching act admirably as succedanea for burrows, and in a thatch two or three seasons old there is scarcely a straw without its occupants.

Sometimes a straw will contain a dozen bee-cells, each with its grub and store of food. Often the earwig finds the nest, forces its way through the straw, devours all the inhabitants, and converts the straw into a habitation for itself. Sometimes a spider will pack itself away in the straw during the flyless time of winter. Sometimes a centipede or a number of wood-lice will inhabit the straw, so that there is no lack of animal life in the thatch.

Emboldened by hunger the Titmouse will attack the thatch, drag it out, a straw at a time, and devour all the creatures which may exist within it. Having examined the straw, the bird lets it slide to the ground, and, if there be no wind, the barn or corn-rick may be seen surrounded by straws, with one end resting on the ground and the other leaning against the wall. I have seen these straws in such numbers, and placed with such regularity, that the farmer could scarcely be persuaded that they had not been dragged down and arranged by mischievous boys.

So fond, indeed, is this bird of animal food that it will haunt stables for the sake of the soap, tallow candles and cart-grease. Knackers' yards are among its favorite resorts, and I regret to say that when it cannot procure a sufficiency of insect food, it will take up the shrike's habits, and kill smaller birds. It always attacks its prey in the same manner, namely, by pecking a hole in the skull with a blow of its short, sharp beak, and then scooping out the brain.

When people have been foolish enough to place the Great Titmouse in a cage with other birds, they are sure to find that it will quarrel with all its co-prisoners, and probably kill a large proportion of them. In default of animal food this bird will be glad of any seed that contains vegetable oil, and, just as the jackdaw does when eating oats, holds the seed with its foot, and then splits it open with a blow of its beak.

At the upper part of the illustration are a pair of the commonest of all the Titmice, the Blue Tit, Blue-cap, or Billy-biter of boys.

Despite its small size there is scarcely a bolder bird to be found. It seems to have scarcely any fear of man, and will build its nest among human habitations as freely as if it were aware of its practical immunity. It even appears capable of perpetrating practical jokes, for scarcely a year passes without an account of Billy-biter's nest being made in a scarecrow. Gamekeepers, who are in the habit of nailing up the bodies of owls, hawks, and other "vermin" have often been surprised by finding the nest of a Blue Titmouse inside the dried and hollow body.

A very remarkable instance of the faculty known to phrenologists as "adhesiveness" is mentioned in the *Morpeth Herald* of December 4th, 1880.

"Sixty years ago a pair of Blue-caps built their

progeny in the same bottle, and last April the little creatures were again busily employed in constructing a nest in their old domicile."

If its nest be threatened the fury of the little creature knows no bounds. It gives vent to a se-



nests in a large stone bottle, which had been left to drain, between the lower boughs of a fruit-tree in the garden of Mr. Callender, farmer, near Stockton.

"Every year [since that period a pair of Blue-caps have regularly built a nest and reared their

ries of angry hisses, pecking so sharply the meanwhile that even the hard hand of the plowboy can scarcely endure the pain. When, as is often the case, the bird makes its nest in the hollow of a tree or wall, so as to be unseen, the intruder has snatched away his hand in terror, the angry hisses

and sharp peck deluding him into the idea that he has been bitten by a viper.

Extending from about the middle to the upper right-hand corner of the illustration is a group of the Long-tailed Titmouse, sometimes called the Bottle-Tit, on account of its wonderful nest. The artist has most happily caught the peculiar action of these birds. The number of eggs hatched at a brood is wonderfully large and the members of it keep company for a considerable time.

"Early in the morning" just such a group may be seen, twittering merrily and running about the branches with wonderful agility. They seem to be utterly careless of their relative positions with regard to the twigs and run about with their backs downwards as actively as flies on a ceiling. All the while their sharp little eyes are peering into every crevice and the continual peck, of the beak shows that the birds are successful in their chase of the minute insects that hide under the bark, or the eggs which, if left to be hatched, would produce a goodly supply of caterpillars.

Every now and then, having explored one tree thoroughly, the birds change their hunting-ground and go off to another tree. They do not fly away in a group, as may be imagined, but shoot off in rapid succession, one after the other, their little round bodies and long tails giving them a curious resemblance to a flight of arrows.

Few birds are so plentiful near human habitations in the very early morning and few are more careful to avoid human society. One or two specimens will, perhaps, be found at nearly all hours of the day, but the family groups seem unable to endure human presence. Indeed, I have noticed that by the time that the sparrows, who are somewhat apt to be sluggards, are fairly abroad, the Long-tailed Titmice have slipped away from the orchard or garden and left it to the noisier and more audacious sparrows.

The nest of this bird will probably be at some distance from the orchard in which it hunts for food. It is seldom at any great height from the ground and is mostly hidden in a furze or black-thorn bush, where the foliage is thick and the prickly surroundings serve as a defense. There is no time for a description of this nest, by far the most beautiful that is made by any British birds and we must hastily glance at the rest of the group.

These three species are plentiful enough, but the artist has introduced two more on account of their beauty.

Occupying the left-hand bottom corner of the illustration is one of the Cole Titmice. This bird does not appear to be plentiful anywhere, though it is scattered over the greater part of England. Probably it may be more common than is known, as its small size, retiring habits and dark colors may easily cause it to escape observation.

I have for some years taken some interest in these birds, on account of an experiment made by the late Charles Waterton. He was desirous of finding out whether this bird would breed so far north as Walton Hall. So he followed his invincible plan when he wished to attract wild birds, i. e., he provided a suitable and undisturbed home and then waited for the bird to inhabit it.

Accordingly, knowing that the Cole Titmice built in holes of trees by preference he cut a hole in a decaying ash-tree, leaving a small aperture just large enough for a bird. On the very next season the Cole Titmouse came and took possession of the habitation thus made for it. Mr. Waterton showed me the nest with justifiable pride, but I was never at Walton Hall during the breeding season and therefore did not see the nest occupied.

Nearly in the centre of the illustration comes the Crested Titmouse. This very pretty and very boldly-marked bird is scarcely to be reckoned as a true British bird, and any one who sees this bird may set down the event as worthy of notice in the naturalist's calendar. It does occasionally visit us in little flocks and now and then builds its nest in the more northern parts of the kingdom. Sir W. Jardine mentions that in one such case the bird had used a most remarkable material for lining its nest, i. e., the cast outer skins of snakes.

Besides these, the Bearded Titmouse and Marsh Titmouse inhabit England. The former is easily to be recognized by the tuft of black feathers on either side of the face. The latter is something like the Cole Titmouse, but it does not possess the white spot on the nape of the neck or the blue patch on the throat. Moreover, it seldom leaves the low-lying districts whence it derives its name.

Considering the brilliant colors of the Goldcrest it is curious how the bird should so often escape observation. I have known these birds to frequent a garden regularly and yet to have been unnoticed by persons who were in the habit of working in the garden daily. The little bird certainly has a way of clinging to the trees and large branches and running up and down them after the fashion of the common creeper, so that it is not so conspicuous as if it were in the habit of flitting from branch to branch like the titmice. But even under these circumstances the golden feathers from which it derives its name are sure to catch the eye of any one who has been accustomed to observation.

The soberly-clad Nuthatch may well escape notice, as when it is alarmed it "dodges" behind the trunk or branch with silent celerity and takes very good care not to show itself for some time. Those who want to see the Nuthatch and know its ways always search the trunks of old trees and similar localities. If they can find split nutshells lying on the ground or fixed into crevices, they

know that the bird that placed them there will probably come again and so, concealing themselves near the spot, are tolerably certain to be rewarded for their pains before they have waited any great length of time.

Rev. I. G. Wood.

A TIN WEDDING.

"COME, auntie, now tell me the news," said Jenny Armstrong, when she had taken her visitor's wraps and settled her comfortably in the large, red-cushioned easy-chair beside a cheery open fire. "I am so glad you have come, and you know I always want to know where you have been, what you have been doing and everything that interests you."

The old lady smiled and patted the cheek of her favorite niece.

"Well, dearie," she said, "our home is quite as usual. I don't know as I can tell you about anything of more interest than a tin wedding I went to, night before last."

"You out in the evening, auntie! That is an event!"

"It so seldom happens? Yes; but this was Josephine Seabright's wedding, and Josie, you know, is an old favorite of mine. I've known her ever since her babyhood. But dear me, how time flies. It seems such a little while since I used to hold her in my lap and tell her stories—"

"And bake saucer-pies and jumbles, I'll venture, auntie; just as you always did for us children."

The old lady looked pleased.

"Yes, dearie, and I liked to make them as well as you liked to eat them. But I was going to tell you about the party. In the first place, the night was lovely, clear moonlight and just warm enough for comfort. Then Josephine and her husband have such a bright, cordial way of welcoming their guests and making every one feel at home and getting people together that are congenial to one another. It was not a crowded party. We could sit down when we pleased, and I need not tell you about the ladies' dresses and jewelry. You have been to parties enough to know how they look. Of course, there were handsome dresses and a nice supper—no one has better taste than Josephine; and her ready kindness showed itself in all her arrangements for her guests. There was good music and half a dozen square dances, winding up with Virginia reel and lancers. But the presents! All of tin, you remember, in one shape or another. And, my dear, if I wasn't astonished to see what shapes tin could be put into—how many useful and pretty and curious things could come within its range. Let me see. I won't engage to tell all, but as Josie, herself, used to say when going out to tea, and her mother had given her good advice, 'I'll 'member as well as I tan.'

"There was a cream-freezer of the best model, suggestive of delightful coolness and refreshing for the fast-approaching summer days.

"The japanned tea-tray and pair of tea-caddies were very handsome; the caddies were filled. A cake-chest and spice-box matched these, also a crumb-tray and brush.

"There were a handsome pair of Britannia tea-pots, a coffee-pot and as pretty a tête-à-tête set as you ever saw. A lunchbox and match-safe were also of japanned ware; and a pretty vase contained a specimen of Batavia rice; you know rice is used at weddings in some Eastern countries on account of its symbolism. There was a sample, too, of tin ore from Mexico.

"The kitchen utensils, of course, were plenty; but there happened, fortunately, to be scarcely a duplicate. A bright new pan held two dozen eggs, arranged in grass and leaves to look like a nest. There were cake and muffin-rings, patty-pans, clothes-sprinkler and soap-holder, sieve, dust-pan and brush, colander, dippers, pail, egg-beater, quart-measure, toaster and egg-boiler; also a rice-boiler. Have you one, Jenny? No? Then I'll bring you one next time I come. I did not know at first what it was, but should think it would be very convenient. It is almost egg-shaped, like a knitting-basket, only larger, opening in the middle and made of wire net-work. It is put into a kettle of boiling water. Of course you drain your rice as you lift out the basket or ball."

"That would be nice, auntie. Can you remember any more?"

"There were two night-lamps of different patterns, very pretty and handy, and the daintiest little candlestick and snuffer in imitation bronze; the design was Hebe, the candle to be placed in the cup."

"There's our tea-bell, auntie."

"That reminds me of the dainty tea-bell—imitation of silver and bronze—well, I know there are ever so many things I haven't remembered, after all, but when I happen to think of anything I'll mention it; and I'll get you one of those pretty night-lamps the first time I go to the city."

"Thank you, auntie. You've told enough to prove that it must have been quite an entertainment to look over the collection."

"Yes; there was a good deal of pleasantry about some of the articles. We had a 'jolly time,' as the children say, and the best of all was its genuine friendship and hearty good-will. The guests were old friends of Frank and Josephine; many had known them from childhood. The gifts were inexpensive and real tokens of affection; as such, would be valued and serve, while in almost daily use, as pleasant reminders of these friends and their loving interest. In this instance a 'tin wedding' proved a delightful affair."

M. J.

A PEN-PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON.

IN a series of papers written over thirty years ago for the *Home Gazette*, by Arthur I. Stansbury, Congressional reporter for the *National Intelligencer*, entitled "Recollections and Anecdotes of the Presidents of the United States," appeared the following pen-portrait of Thomas Jefferson:

The name of Thomas Jefferson is to this day enthroned in the thoughts and affections of a very large portion of the American people, as identified with human rights and pure republican government. There is, I know, and from the first has been another portion who hold as strongly sentiments directly the reverse of this. With the truth of either sentiment it is not the province of these notes to meddle. Perhaps the truth, as usual, lies in neither extreme. If, however, we knew nothing of the man but this fact, it were a strong presumption, at least, if not demonstrable evidence, that there was real greatness of some kind in him; for it is the attribute of greatness to draw upon itself, and that in large measure, both the love and enmity of men, especially of those who lie within its sphere of operation and influence. It is the men who are nothing and do nothing whom men will agree to commend. The men who move upon their age, who engrave their names indelibly upon its history and turn the tide of its affairs, these men reach and touch and change and shape the interests of too many actors in the same great drama, not to insure to themselves the deep and lasting hatred of many; and, in almost the same proportion, the admiration and praise of other large masses of their fellow-men. It happened so with Jefferson. His principles, his influence and the adroit manner in which he made the most of both changed the whole political face of the country, and turned the mighty tides of public opinion into new channels. With his administration commenced a new era in American affairs. He wrote much and talked more, and the effect of that one mind is yet among us.

With manners eminently winning, sprightly, graceful, gay, he had a readiness and a fund of conversational talent rarely equaled. There was a charm about it which it was scarcely possible to resist. He possessed in an eminent degree that instinctive perception of what is proper to be said, and what will please the hearer, which is embodied in the expressive word *tact*. As a skillful and quick-sighted pilot perceives at a glance the rock to be avoided, the current to be availed of, and the precise moment at which to change the direction of his bark, and is able by an imperceptible pressure on the helm to evade each new danger and pass unharmed through the narrowest strait and in the most threatening rapids, Jefferson could in an instant, and with wonderful ease and grace, turn

the course of conversation, even with the most wary and inveterate enemy, so as to avoid irritation, touch his weak points and all but make a captive of him, against his own fixed purpose. In this, the most useful of talents to a politician, he was all French; there was nothing of the straightforward, blundering honesty of John Bull about him. He knew exactly what to say and how to say it; and he said it. He was certainly the most winning man of his day.

Mr. Jefferson's voice was peculiar, very pleasant, seldom raised to a loud tone, and his words came "trippingly off his tongue." His step was light and elastic, and very rapid for a man of his gaunt form and elongated proportions. He affected republican simplicity of dress, though he was always neat and gentlemanly. He wore a single-breasted coat, and generally adorned with bright metal buttons, which, as he was so very tall, hung in a long glittering row that caught the eye (I well remember its impression on mine when a child). The vest, too, was long, and had also buttons of the same material; the small-clothes struck me as short, the legs as long. His carriage presented the very curious and unusual contrast of a rapid, graceful movement with a long, awkward, bony frame. His shoulders were unusually square, his neck long and scrawny, the skin of his face adust, as if scorched and of a brick-dust red, his hair foxy and bushy at the temples. Once seen, he never could be forgotten.

He received company as if their visit was a gratification to him and strangers always left him with the most grateful recollections of the man. Affecting popularity, he lost no opportunity of making an impression, especially on the common people. In this he was like Jackson, and the success of both was astonishing. Jefferson, it is true, was in knowledge and mental cultivation immeasurably the superior, but the means pursued by both were the same, and it was the same class in society whose indomitable attachment made both so mighty at the polls. His mingling so much with this portion of the community, especially with mechanics, had, however, a double object: it was not merely (though mainly), for the sake of popularity; it was, in part, for knowledge's sake. Few men possessed a more inquiring mind, or a greater mass of various information. And he sought, in all who approached him, the means of increasing it. He would talk with a sea captain about navigation and would, by a few words adroitly spoken, set him off upon his hobby, and learn, meanwhile, some new fact or facts which had fallen under the mariner's observation in his voyages. He would talk with an astronomer about astronomy, and draw from him, in a short conversation, what it might have taken long to dig out of books. He was not profound, probably, in any department o

human science, though he had a smattering of all; but he is said to have most artfully concealed the weak spots, and if the deficiency was in danger of discovery, he would by one of his adroit transitions, change the conversation. He used often, while President, to walk down to the navy yard, early in a summer's morning and seating him upon an anchor or a spar, enter into conversation with the surprised and delighted shipwrights, who would take the utmost pains to satisfy his inquiries. "There!" would cry one of his political opponents, as he passed by and noticed the group, "see the demagogue! There's 'Long Tom' sinking the dignity of his station, to get votes and court the mob."

But this was unfair; it was a philosophic investigating mind, gratifying its leading propensity in the acquisition of knowledge. A man of such a caste would naturally be captivated by whatever was ingenious and new. Had he been less ambitious, a berth in the Patent Office would have placed him in his element. You could in no way more certainly fix his attention than by exhibiting and explaining a new machine; especially if connected with a scientific purpose.

He sometimes figured as an inventor, himself, and on that subject let me relate an anecdote which vividly portrays the character of his mind. You know that he had perched his country-seat on a mountain height, commanding a magnificent prospect, but exposed to the sweep of wintry winds, and not very convenient of access. Not far from Monticello, and within the bounds of his estate, was a solitary and lofty hill, so situated as to be exposed to the blast of two currents of wind, coming up through valleys on different sides of it. Mr. Jefferson thought this would be an admirable position for a wind-mill; and having recently invented a model for a saw-mill to be moved by vertical sails, he sent for an engineer and submitted it to his judgment. The man of professional science examined the plan, and listened with profound attention and deference to Mr. Jefferson's explanation of it, and to his eloquent illustration of the advantages it would secure; having heard him through, and being asked by the philosopher "what he thought of it?" he replied with great sincerity, that it was a most ingenious idea, and was decidedly the best plan for a saw-mill he had ever seen. Jefferson was delighted; and forthwith entered into a written agreement for the erection of such a mill on the neighboring height. The work went bravely on; the inventor very frequently mounting his horse, and riding over to see how it proceeded. When the frame was up, and the building approached its completion, the engineer rode over to Monticello to obtain a supply of money, and to get some directions about the saws. Jefferson kept him to dinner; and when the cloth was removed, he turned to his

guest, and with an air of much satisfaction, exclaimed:

"And so, Mr. —, you like my mill."

"I do, sir, indeed, very much; it is certainly one of the greatest improvements in the construction of a saw-mill I ever witnessed."

"You think the sails are so hung that it cannot fail to work well?"

"Certainly; it must work, it can't help it."

"And there's always a wind upon that hill; it does not come up one valley, it is sure to come up the other; and the hill is so high and steep that there is nothing to interrupt the full sweep of the wind, come which way it will. You think then, on the whole, that the thing cannot fail of complete success?"

"I should think so, sir, but for one thing."

"Ah? what's that?"

"I have been wondering in my own mind, how you are to get up your saw-logs."

Jefferson threw up his hands and eyes: "I never thought of that!" The mill was abandoned, of course.

MARTYRDOM!

AGAINST the world I stand!
My soul, for my soul's sake,
Against the strength of earth
And hell combined—to break
The curse that e'er my birth
Upon me set its brand!

The martyrs at the stake
Have felt the tongues of flame
Devour them unto death;
But for their faith the same
They spake with their last breath,
And died there for its sake!

And I, whose pulses beat
Because the self-same tide
That warmed their steadfast hearts
Through mine own heart doth glide,
Shall I shrink from the darts
Of flame that burn my feet?

Nay! though my naked soul
Should blindfold have to tread
Unto the bitter end
O'er red-hot plowshares led,
Yet truth its strength would lend,
And I should reach my goal!

True daughter of true sire—
Till death, if that must be,
I stand, as in years past
My martyred ancestry
Stood steadfast to the last
Fierce war 'twixt flesh and fire!

FAUSTINE.



FLOWERS.

OH, flowers, but ye are wonderful !
 I speak not of your dyes ;
 Not for your beauty now I cull
 Your bright varieties.
 'Tis at your scents I marvel more,
 So manifold and true ;
 More separate their fragrant store
 Than hue distinct from hue.

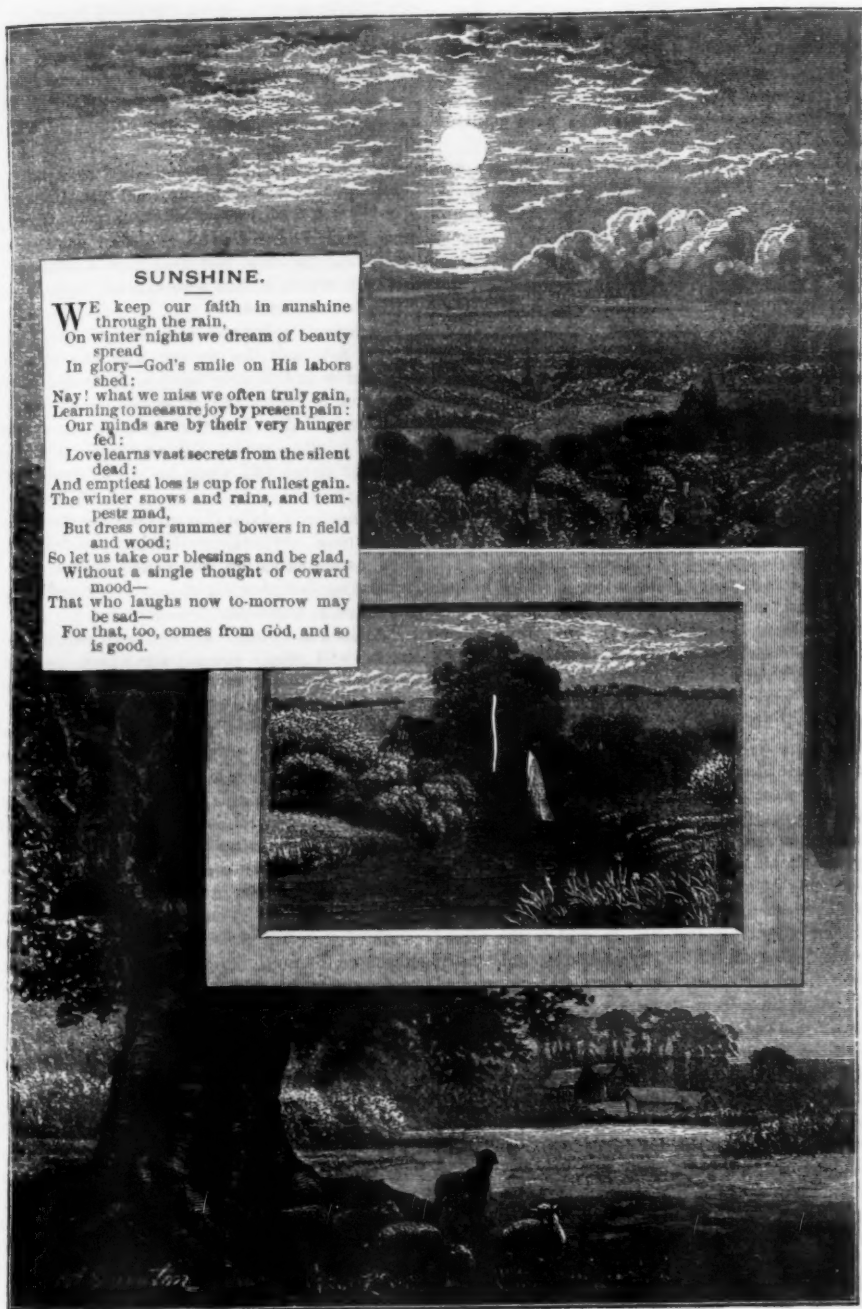
Though in each kind the color change,
 One odor still is there ;
 The tints through all the scale may range,
 Each tint than each more fair ;
 But violet blue and violet white,
 And roses red or pale,
 The same sweet breath for our delight
 With constant truth exhale.

"Relics of Eden?" types ye are
 Of better things to come ;
 Pledges of joys His hands prepare
 For our eternal home ;
 Alas! the wreck of flame and death
 Our earthly breezes fills ;
 Oh, for the air the blessed breathe
 On yon celestial hills!

But we shall breathe it soon ; and while
 We wait that crowning day,
 Your fragrance shall our toil beguile,
 Your beauty cheer our way ;
 'Twas sweetly sung—" We might have had
 For every want of ours
 Enough, enough"—to make us glad,
 Our Father gave us flowers!

SUNSHINE.

WE keep our faith in sunshine
 through the rain,
 On winter nights we dream of beauty
 spread
 In glory—God's smile on His labors
 shed:
 Nay! what we miss we often truly gain,
 Learning to measure joy by present pain:
 Our minds are by their very hunger
 fed:
 Love learns vast secrets from the silent
 dead:
 And emptiest loss is cup for fullest gain.
 The winter snows and rains, and tem-
 pests mad,
 But dress our summer bowers in field
 and wood;
 So let us take our blessings and be glad,
 Without a single thought of coward
 mood—
 That who laughs now to-morrow may
 be sad—
 For that, too, comes from God, and so
 is good.



A TRIAL IN LONELY GULCH.

THE weird light of a camp-fire reddened the sky and made still blacker the shadows of the rocks which threw back the rays from their massive fronts, and reflected the light over the forms of a dozen miners who were gathered round it.

The well-deserved name of Lonely Gulch was applied to the place, and the proceedings which occupied the attention of the men that night seemed in keeping with its character.

The country had been overrun with desperadoes; camps had been robbed, horses stolen, and occasionally a man murdered, until the law-abiding portion of the population had determined to execute summary vengeance upon ever marauder who should fall into their hands.

That day, a youth, apparently not more than eighteen years of age, had been taken in the act of riding away on a horse belonging to one of the company. Only his youthful appearance saved him from being shot down at once, but the men who had captured him, brought him to camp to await the return of the whole party, when his fate might be determined by the general will.

He stood leaning against a tree to which he had been tied, with his broad-brimmed hat slouched down, almost concealing his features, while he listened to the discussion which was of so much importance to him.

Some were in favor of giving him a chance on account of his youth, but they had suffered so much from lawless desperadoes, that others were inclined to execute him forthwith.

They were pretty evenly divided, when one who had not yet spoken came forward. His unusual demeanor had given him the cognomen of "Singular Bill." He was stern and reserved, never speaking of his own affairs, and never joining in the amusements of his comrades, but sitting quietly, during the long evenings in which the others whiled away the hours in games of cards, as if brooding over some deep wrong, which time had failed to efface from his memory.

His comrades respected him in spite of his peculiarities, for he never wronged any man out of a dollar, and had a most strict and conscientious regard for the rights of others. As they expressed it, all his dealings were "fair and square, open and above board," but this he claimed was only right, and he demanded the same open-handed dealing from every other man. It will be readily understood that such a man had but little charity for evil-doers.

His comrades knew nothing of his former history, but the truth was, that in his early years he had married a beautiful woman whom he had loved with all the strength of his ardent nature, and while he was as strong, true and earnest as it

is possible for a man to be, she was weak, frivolous and unprincipled. Being unwilling to conform to his strict idea of right and wrong, and perhaps finding an uncongenial companion in the man who would not encourage her unwomanly conduct, she took advantage of his brief absence upon business and fled from him, taking their only child, a boy of four years.

For awhile he had searched for her, for his heart was bound up in the boy, but after the lapse of a few weeks he received a letter purporting to come from a physician in a distant city, which stated that the child had died from a contagious disease to which he had been exposed through the mother's carelessness.

The father's spirit was completely broken, and cursing not only the woman who had brought this sorrow and trouble upon him, but all others who trampled upon the right, he left his native State and tried to forget his grief in the excitement of hunting gold. Taking a position where the light shone full upon his stern, unyielding features, he said:

"Comrades, I claim that no man has any right to do wrong. It is this evil-doing, this following one's own inclination, regardless of the sacred rights of another, that blights men's lives and brings desolation to homes and firesides.

"As long as wrong is allowed to go unpunished, so long will people commit acts which leave the hearts of their fellow-beings seared and scathed with wrongs that cannot be wiped out.

"If evil-doers were visited with prompt and certain punishment, wrong would not flourish and grow rich at the expense of those who would scorn to trample upon a single right of their fellow-man. The world in general is too willing to overlook crime, and offer paltry excuses for deeds which ought to be visited with swift and certain vengeance.

"Some of you offer this boy's youth in palliation of his offense. You might as well urge the youth of an infant viper. He is probably the son of some villainous father, who has left the States on account of his crimes, and come here to prowl around in search of wealth which he is too lazy to earn for himself. I regard it as a case of inherited dishonesty; of natural propensities cropping out early; and if he is allowed to escape this time, he will probably grow crafty with years and develop into a desperado who may take the life of some of us as a reward of the mistaken charity that spares him.

"You all remember our comrade who was shot and killed by one of these desperate characters a few days ago. The murderer probably began to practice these things in his youth, and if he had been caught and promptly executed at the commission of his first crime, our friend might have been living to-day."

The speech decided the fate of the prisoner, and

he was sentenced to be hung on the following morning, and given over to "Singular Bill" for safe-keeping until time for his execution.

He was taken into a rude cabin and allowed to sit down. A blazing fire of pine knots lighted the building, and the boy glanced at the cords which cut deep into the flesh of his swollen wrists.

"Yes, they're painful, no doubt," said the jailer; "sin always brings pain: the way of the transgressor is hard and the only way to evade the penalty is not to transgress. I'm sorry to witness your pain, but if my own boy had lived to be a horse-thief, I should say, let him suffer the penalty; aye, the full penalty. What did you come here for, anyhow?"

"I wanted to find my father," was the brief reply.

"Precious little use he would have been to you if you had. If he had been the right kind of a man you wouldn't have been here."

"I don't know. I haven't seen him since I was four years old. Mother used to say that he was a cross old brute, but I never believed it. He was the only person in all this world who was always kind to me. I can remember yet how he looked when I used to hide behind the rosebushes when I saw him coming, and wait until he said, 'Where's papa's boy?' before I ran to meet him. But he went away one day and mother took me and ran away. She never seemed to think anything of him, but I could hardly live without him. I used to cry to go to him and she whipped me, and a hard life I've led ever since. She wasn't like him. She smothered me with caresses at one time and vented her wrath upon me the next. I always wanted him. She said he had gone to Denver, and when I was fifteen years of age I ran away, hired out to some drovers and crossed the plains. But I didn't find him. I went to every party of miners that I could hear of. Sometimes I worked my way with freighting parties, sometimes I followed trains on foot. I found a man who said he knew him and that he had gone to the Black Hills, and I came here. I heard there was a party of miners over in Rattlesnake Gulch, but my feet were so sore that I couldn't walk any farther, and I found the horse grazing down there by the stream and I thought I would ride him, and if my father was there he would help me through and if I didn't find him I didn't care what became of me. Hang me, if you want to; it won't be any worse than what I have borne."

The miner pushed the hat back from the tanned forehead and gazed intently into the prisoner's face a moment, then dropped upon his knees beside him.

"Are your wrists very painful, boy?" he asked, huskily, as his knife flashed above the cords for an instant, then descended, cutting the thongs away and leaving the prisoner free.

"There; let me bathe your poor, swollen hands, and bruised and blistered feet!" and the tears rolled down the sunburned cheeks and fell upon the bleeding wrists so recently freed from cruel bonds. "I've always longed for justice, and now if the boys will take me out and hang me, I'll feel as if I'd had it."

"Are you father?" asked the boy, winding his arms around the miner's neck and pressing his cheek against the bearded face.

"I'm your father," returned the man, clasping the boy to his bosom and sobbing convulsively. "I'd have found you long ago if she hadn't bribed a doctor to write me of your death."

The next morning, when the men came for their prisoner they found him sleeping peacefully, with his head upon his jailer's breast and his wrists and feet bandaged with strips torn from one of the miner's shirts. The father had not slept, and when he saw the rope and the astonished faces of the group, and the full significance of their coming flashed across his mind, he said with a strong effort at self-control, "Boys, I move for a new trial. If I hadn't known that you would treat me with more kindness than I deserve, daylight wouldn't have found me here; but I preferred to trust to your generosity rather than leave you with the matter unexplained. It is thirteen years since I left my boy, expecting to see him again after the lapse of a few short days, but for all these years I have thought him dead. I have been bitterly wronged and it broke my heart, soured my nature and made me hard and stern toward transgressors. Look," he said, carefully unwinding the bandages. "Look at the bruised and blistered feet that have tramped from Illinois to Denver, and from thence to these regions in search of the father whose face he had not seen since the day I bade him good-bye, after carrying him down to the gate upon my shoulder, and then get your rifles and shoot the brute that wanted you to hang him just for borrowing a horse to ride over to another gulch, after his feet were so tired and worn and bruised that he couldn't walk any farther. If you feel like hanging somebody I deserve it more than he does, and that rope mustn't be put around any neck but mine. Tell your own story, boy."

And the youthful culprit told of his wanderings, his hardships, privations and disappointments in search of his father, and asked to live, if only for a little while, now that he had found him.

"You'll die of old age before we harm a hair of your head," said the judge, drawing his sleeve across his eyes and walking away, followed by the others, leaving the father and son alone.

"Are your wrists painful yet?" asked the miner, at length, lifting one of the bandaged hands tenderly.

"I've no complaint to make of anything now,

since I can look upon your face," replied the boy, and the father bathed the bruised feet again and then prepared their breakfast.

From that hour his nature seemed to change. A happy light shone in his eyes and a touching tenderness came over his features whenever he met the loving gaze of the boy who had endured so much to find him. They were never known to be apart during their stay in the mines, and in a few weeks the father took the wealth which he had already accumulated and which he said was worth something to him now, and went back to his native State, that his son might enjoy the advantages of cultivation and refinement; and ever since that night in Lonely Gulch the miner is disposed to deal leniently with youthful offenders, offering the somewhat obscure apology, "He's somebody's boy."

ISADORE ROGERS.

THE LOST CHURCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

OFF in the wood a muffled bell,
As from some lonely mountain mission,
Is heard afar; whence, none can tell,
Nor full the story of tradition.
From an enchanted church, 'tis said,
The sound is borne o'er wood and river;
The path that holy pilgrims led
Once to its shrines, is lost forever.

I wandered through that forest wild,
No trace of man or path discerning;
From evil strife and times defiled,
My weary soul to Heaven was turning.
Then thrilled thro' all the silent air
A chime of bells, and ever nearer,
As higher rose my yearning prayer,
The peal resounded, fuller, clearer.

It gave my troubled thoughts repose,
It filled my soul with sweet emotion;
To some mysterious height I rose,
Unheeding, lost in rapt devotion.
Year after year, without a trace,
Might thus have passed in blissful dreaming,
When o'er the mists an open space
Shone in the sunlight downward streaming.

The firmament was darkly blue,
The sun shone forth in unveiled glory;
And, wreathed in airs that radiant grew,
Arose a minster, high and hoary.
Bright clouds upheld it, joined in power,
Like faithful worshipers adoring;
The spire sprang upward from the tower,
Beyond the arching ether soaring.

The bells a joyous clangor made,
Re-echoing from the hollow tower;

No mortal hand their ropes obeyed,
They moved before celestial power.
That storm divine of heavenly grace
Swept o'er my heart as thro' the portal
I trembling passed to holy space,
With incense filled of joys immortal.

What came to me in those dear halls
May not in human phrase be painted;
The windows glowed, and lofty walls
With priestly forms and martyrs sainted.
A light leapt forth—they breathed, they moved,
They lived again, as once in story;
God's champions, armor, valor proved,
They filled a world with light and glory.

I laid before that altar high
The purest love my heart could render;
The vaulted ceiling drew my eye
To pictured dreams of heavenly splendor.
I looked again—the dome was riven,
It parted wide, disclosing o'er it
The open golden gate of Heaven,
Each veil withdrawn that hung before it.

The glories my rapt eyes beheld
As then I knelt in reverent wonder,
The harmonies that rose and swelled
Past trumpet's blast or organ's thunder,
Words have no power to hold in thrall—
Let those who long to find and know them
Heed well the chimes that softly call
To all who walk the maze below them.

HELEN HERBERT.

THE SNEER.—There are some things that exert an immense power in the world without seeming to have anything in themselves to warrant it. The effect seems wholly disproportionate to the cause. We see changes wrought in people's plans and conduct, important enough to have sprung from some weighty reason, and when we trace them back we find them produced by something so petty and trivial that we can hardly realize the connection. Such an influence in human life is the sneer. In itself it is insignificant and worthless. It has in it neither argument nor reason, it appeals neither to the authority of long-tried usage nor to the conviction of a new-found truth. It contains neither dignity, sincerity, nor sympathy. It is founded on no serious regard for right conduct nor righteous displeasure against misdoing; it is indeed utterly destitute of a single benevolent emotion or kindly desire.

HE who is never dissatisfied with himself or others, and never discontented with things around him, cannot be expected to make any strenuous efforts at improvement. He may live out a life of ease and serenity, but it will be the ease of torpor and the serenity of indolence.

THE CHOICE OF MODERN POETIC READING.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—In accordance with your request, I sit down to write you some advice and suggestions in reference to your reading. I shall devote my present letter to the subject of poetic reading, as I hold this to be an indispensable element in our culture.

In the realm of mind, there lies a lovely fairy province, fragrant with the breath of exquisite roses and pure white lilies, and illumined with "the light that never was by land or sea." This fairy land is the poetic region of the mind, where ideality, imagination and sentiment reign, and it lies not very far from the region where our religious instincts and aspirations dwell, for true poetry approximates to religion in elevating soul above sense, the real above the seeming, love, honor, heroism and faith above selfish ease and advantage, giving a lofty tone to thought and sentiment, and helping to keep the dust of materialism from burying the inner life.

Few persons can be great poets, but many of us may enjoy the refined delights springing from an appreciation of the poetical both in life, books and nature. Though denied the gift of expressing these feelings in the beautiful forms with which poets clothe their inspirations, still there are many minds highly receptive of poetical influences. Your mind, I think, belongs to this class, and therefore you will derive great delight and intellectual nourishment from fine poetic reading. Indeed, reading, lacking the poetic element, would be like grounds lacking a flower-garden, for the delight and refreshment we derive from a beautiful and fragrant flower-garden are not so palpable, so penetrating and enchanting as what we derive from the lovely, uplifting thoughts of fine poets. When I compare this kind of reading to a flower-garden, it is not that I estimate it lightly, as a mere pastime or ornament. On the contrary, I regard its office as a very exalted and important one, and I only use the comparison above employed to convey somewhat my sense of the rare beauty and mental fragrance of poetry.

Shakespeare and Milton, of course, come first in the list of poets to be read and studied, they being in the world of literature what Beethoven and Mozart are in the world of music. To be a thorough student of Shakespeare alone would be a liberal education, so wide, deep, rich, splendid and various are the gifts of this peerless writer. At the present day, the interest in his works seem to be on the increase, and they are more closely read and studied than ever. The interest of English and American scholars in these works has doubtless been stimulated of late years by the close study

and keen analysis the Germans have given them, whilst an illustrious Frenchman, Taine, has shown himself not a whit behind the finest English scholar in his knowledge and appreciation of Shakespeare. I would advise you not merely to read Shakespeare, but to make a regular study of his works, joining for this purpose one of the classes under the auspices of the Society for the Encouragement of Home-study, which will give you judicious directions as to your course of study, and furnish you with suitable text-books to read in connection with Shakespeare; such books, for instance, as Schlegel's *Dramatic Literature*, Taine's *English Literature*, etc. This admirable institution numbers isolated pupils scattered far and wide, whose progress is indicated by written analysis sent to their teachers, from time to time, so you see, space opposes no obstacle to your enrolling yourself as a pupil, and if you follow the course of study I suggest, it will not only increase your understanding and enjoyment of Shakespeare, but it will give you a training that will enable you to read all other writers more thoughtfully, analytically and intelligently.

Milton is not so much read as Shakespeare, now. Although a noble genius and a writer of classical grace and elegance, he has not the wideness and depth that give a universality of interest to Shakespeare.

Whom can I name next without too great a descent? My mind involuntarily reverts to the most distinguished philosophical, the most deeply religious, and altogether the purest poet England has ever produced, the great Wordsworth, of whom Coleridge says: "In imaginative power, he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton, and yet in a mind perfectly unborrowed and his own."

Wordsworth is a unique writer—his poetry being entirely distinct from any school but his own. I know of no other writer who is so marked by austere purity, both of language and thought. No other shows so deep a love for nature, nor so thorough an intimacy with both her spirit and phenomena—hence the perfect truth and beauty of his imagery and descriptions of nature. Strength, originality, sensibility, tenderness, sympathy, pathos, dewy freshness, fancy and imagination—all these noble qualities are concentrated in Wordsworth. He was the first poet who ever invested humble, obscure persons, and homely, commonplace surroundings with poetry, pathos and significance, using under humble forms, immortal beauty and dignity, and having the capacity to discern the everlastingly human amid all the shifting and disguises of circumstances.

Wordsworth, as you probably know, was covered with obloquy till late in his literary career, so new and strange was his school of poetry, and so different from the artificial one of which it was the re-

action. Amid hostility and derision, however, he unswervingly pursued his course, calmly confident that the day would come when his works would be justly estimated. "Trouble not yourself," he writes to a friend, in reference to his poems, "about their present reception. Of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny, to console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier, to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think and feel, and, therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous. This is their office, which I trust they will fully perform long after we are mouldering in our graves. * * * Let the poet first consult his own heart, as I have done, and leave the rest to posterity."

In reference, also, to his sonnets, dedicated to liberty, he says with a just, but by no means arrogant self-estimate, "I would boldly say at once that these sonnets, while they fix the attention upon some important sentiment separately considered, do at the same time collectively make a poem on the subject of civil liberty and national independence which either for simplicity of style or grandeur of moral sentiment is likely, alas, to have few parallels in the poetry of the present day."

This feeling on Wordsworth's part must not be confounded with the weak self-conceit of shallow natures. It is a calm and sustaining sense of power, poised high above the plane of petty vanity and is a feeling we may trace in most of the giants of our race; in Homer, for instance, who requested to have inscribed on his tomb, "O passer-by, go and tell all ages that no one ever sang so sweetly as the blind poet of Chios!" Thackeray, as he finished dictating to his amanuensis the famous chapter in "The Newcomes," entitled "Adsum," is said to have exclaimed, in a burst of irrepressible enthusiasm, "By heavens! that is genius!" a judgment which the whole world has confirmed. Gluck, when Marie Antoinette inquired what progress his opera "Armida" was making, replied, "Madame, il est bientôt fini, et vraiment, ce sera superbe," and Beethoven writes, "Nothing can be more sublime than to draw nearer to the Godhead than other men and to diffuse here on earth these Godlike rays among mortals." The consciousness which men of genius have of their splendid powers is no more akin to vanity than the exultation of the eagle as he flies above the horde of smaller birds, soaring toward the sun, or the rejoicing of a strong man to run a race. It is well for these immortal men that they should be sustained by bursts of such consciousness, coming to revive and refresh them amid the arduous labor involved in every noble achievement thoroughly well executed.

But to return to Wordsworth. I have dwelt on him at some length, for fear you may be at first

repelled by the extreme simplicity of his language and the occasional homeliness of his subjects, as for instance in his poems entitled "The Idiot Boy," "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," "Alice Fell," and some others. But if you will only persevere in reading Wordsworth, and especially if you will attentively read "The Excursion," "Lad-damia," "Intimations of Immortality from the Recollections of Early Childhood," "Lines Composed a few Miles above Tintern Abbey," and "Ode to Duty," I believe you will come to regard him as I do, as one of the noblest poets that God ever sent to gladden and uplift the heart of humanity, a poet animated by three great primal feelings which symmetrically blend with and perfect each other—a deep religious sentiment and aspiration, a love for and sympathy with humanity under every guise, even the humblest, and a profound and ardent love for nature. We may appropriately apply to him his own lines:

"Blessings be with him and eternal praise,
The poet who on earth has made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays."

Wordsworth, of course, suggests to my mind a galaxy of cotemporary poets—Scott, Burns, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Byron and Hood—but though each of these is entitled to a fine notice, I must pass them by for fear of my letter running out into a volume, and restrict myself to the poets now living or but recently deceased. Tennyson presents himself first on the list. It seems as natural for young maidens to love Tennyson as for a swan to swim or a bird to soar. I doubt not that his works enjoy the distinction of being the most frequently handled in your collection, and, therefore, I need scarcely dwell much on the subject. I will merely call your attention to one of his poems that I have not seen so generally quoted or noticed as many of the others, and yet I know of no poem that gives so vivid a picture and so subtle an analysis of the conflict going on at the present day between materialism and spirituality, both in the individual and in nations at large. The poem to which I refer is called "The Two Voices," and is, indeed, a noble and powerful one. I have fallen into the habit of mentally connecting Tennyson and Mendelssohn, because they seem to me to have several points in common. Both of them are characterized by purity; both of them exhibit a careful and elegant finish in their works; both are capable of rising to grandeur in their grave and sustained efforts, whilst their lighter ones, Tennyson's lyrics and Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," are lovely and graceful. "Noble" is the adjective that involuntarily rises to my mind in reference to both of these great men. Indeed, Poe pronounces Tennyson "the noblest poet that ever lived."

Mrs. Browning is undoubtedly the queen of

JOSEPHINE'S DREAM.

JOSEPHINE MARCH lived in an old red-brick house, which stood at the corner where the Canon's Close intercepts the Cathedral Square. It looked on neither of them, except as it were by the side glance of two big windows which lit its staircase. All its other casements opened on its own green garden, large enough to allow of bright flower-beds, open sunny lawns, and bower-like leafy dells. The Misses Knightley, to whom the house belonged, took a pride and an interest in their garden. They were proud, too, of the delicate needlework which decorated their apartments, and days had been when they had added to its treasures; but they were old ladies now, and their eyes were failing, and they did no more. But spring and summer, autumn and winter, made room for perpetual changes in that garden, and their gentle exercise in its genial sunshine did them good. And Miss Margaret often said to Miss Elizabeth, "What should we do without the garden and Josephine?"

Josephine was not of their blood. She could remember the day when first she wondered who she was. She remembered asking that question of Miss Elizabeth. And she remembered the kind lady's answer, "that when she was old enough she should know all they could tell her." The promise was kept when she was seventeen.

That was three years ago, and Josephine would have started to be told how many hours she had spent in revolving the few meagre particulars she then heard. She was a foundling discovered in an encampment of gypsies, whose thievishness had brought down the police upon them. The pretty baby's fair hair and blue eyes had provoked inquiry, and some of the old women of the gang had eagerly confessed that she was none of their people: she had belonged to a strange young woman who had joined them some months before and had since died. They could not be quite sure whether she was the mother. She had always said she was not. One harriidan went so far as to narrate the dead girl's confession that she had had a baby of her own, which had died, and that she had stolen this one to personate it, for the sake of some money. The Misses Knightley had heard all this at the time, and like most of the neighboring ladies they had gone to see the poor little innocent babe crowing in the honest arms of the constable's wife, who had it in temporary charge.

The Misses Knightley walked home in silence, till Miss Margaret said, "Lizzie, the little thing took to you." Then she saw her sister was crying. But Miss Elizabeth put aside her tears with a strong effort, and said, "She curled her little fingers round mine just as Joseph did when he was a baby."

song, soaring to such heights and sounding such depths in the soul and life as no other woman ever succeeded in doing before. True, George Eliot is her peer in genius, but the religious sentiment and faith are not strong and clear with her as with Mrs. Browning. The latter is second to no poet of this century in strength and loftiness of thought and in clearness of insight into the laws of our spiritual nature. Tennyson, however, far excels her in clearness, finish and polish of style. Her splendid thoughts are often like jewels imperfectly cut and set.

Speaking of Mrs. Browning naturally reminds me of her husband, who is a poet, and one of high standing; but I must confess I am not so familiar with his writings as I should be, owing to the fact that I could gain only a slight inkling of his meaning in the first few poems of his I came across, and this rather discouraged me from reading him farther; but if you will exhibit a little more perseverance you will doubtless be rewarded by discovering some of the jewels of thought which his admirers claim to discover in his writings.

MARY W. EARLEY.

"HE WOULD NOT MIND."—An amusing anecdote is told about King Humbert, of Italy, who is as fond of shooting as was his father, Victor Emanuel. From time to time King Humbert, oblivious of all royal customs and court etiquette, separates himself from his suite, and, gun in hand, goes out alone in search of game, accompanied by his two favorite dogs. During one of his excursions he was met by a peasant, who looked on with admiration at the havoc the king had made among a covey of partridges. He did not know the monarch, and seeing him in the dress of an ordinary sportsman, could not recognize him. He went up to him, complimented him on his skill with his gun, and then told him that if he would come to his farm on the following morning at daybreak, and kill a fox which had made several raids on his hen-roost, he would not mind giving him a couple of francs for his trouble. King Humbert kept the appointment and was fortunate enough to kill the fox. The delighted peasant welcomed him on his return, called out his wife and children, and insisted on the king's sharing their breakfast with them. At the end of the repast the peasant took leave of his visitor, putting a two-franc piece into his hand, which the king tossed up in the air and caught, declaring it was the first money he had ever earned. Two days afterwards the peasant was surprised to see an officer in uniform ride up in an open carriage, with presents from the king for his wife and children. He then learned to whom he owed the obligation, and was confused at the familiar manner in which he had hobnobbed with royalty.

Joseph was a brother, years younger than themselves, who had died in boyhood.

"Her eyes are the color of his," observed Miss Margaret. "Ah, if he had grown up and married, we might have had his children about us now."

"Why shouldn't we take this one?" asked Miss Elizabeth, impulsively; "we have a right to do as we like, I suppose," she added, with a dash of de-

their dead boy-brother's name, and added for patronymic that of the "roaring moon of daffodils," during which she was carried into their quiet retreat.

What dwelt most in Josephine's mind was the vague unknown which lay behind all the information she could get. In her own heart she entirely refused to believe she could be the child of



"SHE WAS STANDING BY THE ARBOR."

fiance at the storm of ridicule which she felt would rise about them.

And in the end the two ladies drove back in the twilight and bore home the babe in triumph. "I never in my life felt so much as if I was committing a crime," Miss Margaret had afterwards confided.

This was little enough for poor Josephine to hear, though it was dressed up with loving little details of how they gave her the feminine form of

the outcast woman who had died in the gypsies' camp. The police might have refused to believe about her dying confession—the Misses Knightley might seem to have forgotten all about it. What did they care to whom she belonged, now that they saw her a fair and graceful maiden, full of gentle ways learned in gentle lore, turning over their old volumes of the poets with her fresh young fingers, and looking and speaking and acting just as they could have wished in that dream-

child who might have been Joseph's "if Joseph had lived."

They had her portrait painted by the rising young artist of the town, and it was exhibited in the county art academy. It was not called "Miss Josephine March." "Nobody but our Josephine's friends need know who it is," they said to each other, and the picture was called "An English Girl."

It showed her standing at the door of Miss Elizabeth's favorite arbor, just as she really stood nearly every morning during the mild months, for she always ran down there to await that lady's return from her daily tour round the garden.

The young artist—Philip Harvey—felt he had never had a sweeter subject, and perhaps there was something in his eyes which said so, for certainly there was something which set Josephine thinking what would happen if they fell in love with each other and she was suddenly discovered to be some great man's daughter, the child perhaps of some secret marriage. That dream dominated the poor girl's mind terribly. She grew to believe in it.

It was only natural that she should yearn after the unknown kindred who must be somewhere in the world. It was only unfortunate she began to feel that the two dear old maiden ladies were not really her aunts, and that this, and this alone, accounted for any rebellious feelings that would arise when the wise restrictions and counsels of age occasionally crossed the whims and impulses of youth.

There was nothing bitter or scornful in Josephine's dreams: how could there be in one so sweetly reared? Only she fancied unimaginable warmth in the kindred ties that might at any moment close around her and carry her off—the Misses Knightley would never wish to keep her. And she would fulfill all the pet wishes of those dear old hearts. They should have the new Turkey carpets they sometimes talked about, and the Knightley jewels should be reset.

But it came to pass that one morning, when she was standing by the arbor, just as she had stood in the picture, a carriage drove up to the gate. At least, it was not a carriage, but a cab. And out of this cab stepped an elderly lady with a lean, dark face, muffled in rich, but rather rusty, black lace. She paid the cabman, and lingered for a moment at the gate, looking to the right and to the left. Then she advanced up the straight, centre walk toward the arbor. She was nobody whom Josephine had ever seen before—a sour, commonplace-looking person, who eyed her with great curiosity.

"This is Miss Knightley's house?" she asked abruptly, when she was within speaking distance.

"Yes, madam, it is," answered Josephine.

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The lady came a step nearer, and looked at her shrewdly. "And you are a Miss March," she said, "and your portrait is in the — Gallery. Have they been good to you—these people here?"

Josephine flushed hotly. "They have been my truest, kindest friends," she said, warmly. "But for them—"

"There, there, child!" interrupted the stranger, "don't go into heroics. I want to see them. Take me to them."

Josephine obeyed. She led the stranger to the prim little drawing-room, and bade a maid send the Misses Knightley to her immediately. Then she returned to the arbor. Her heart beat fast with uneasy fears. No, no; it could not be; she was foolish to imagine it. This was somebody from the county town, probably begging on behalf of some institution.

Presently there was a light step on the gravel beside her. It was only Miss Elizabeth; but her face was pale and her eyes tearful. Josephine's heart stood still.

"Child," said the old lady, tenderly, "it is a comfort to think you will not suffer in leaving us as we shall suffer in losing you. We often felt that you must long for your own people. We think they are found now."

"That is not—not my mother?" gasped Josephine.

"No," said Miss Elizabeth; "your mother died when you were born, sweet one; and that poor outcast of the gypsies' camp stole you from the woman with whom you were placed at nurse. It was that pretty portrait which did it all," cried the old lady, bursting into tears. "Your relations saw it, and thought that nobody but her own lost daughter could be so like your dead mother. And so they found out who you were, and all your story. This lady is your aunt—your father's sister."

"And my father?" gasped Josephine again.

"Is a learned and distinguished old gentleman with whom she lives in profound retirement, about a hundred miles from here," returned Miss Elizabeth, with heroic truthfulness. "Come into the house, child, and see your mother's miniature, and hear all your aunt has to say."

How different it was from Josephine's dream! Yet her courage somewhat revived at the thought of the learned old gentleman and his scholarly seclusion. Only her new aunt, her "real aunt" damped it again. She was so ugly and so business-like. She did not want to lay any surreptitious claim to Josephine's affections. She did not want to carry her off. A lawyer would wait on the Misses Knightley and go into every detail of the matter before they would be expected to resign their charge. Then she would return for her. Her name was Payne—Miss Selina Payne—and her niece had been christened after her.

"So you're Selina Payne, too," she said, looking

at Josephine March, "and I expect you will be very thankful to have a name that really belongs to you."

Josephine had just one more week in the old Corner House and a sad and trying week it was.

As for the Misses Knightley, they wept much in secret, and though they said little about Miss Selina Payne they often wondered over Mr. Payne, and remarked to each other that brothers and sisters were frequently very unlike, as if that offered the most hopeful view of that unknown *savant*.

Then Josephine left them. Miss Selina cut their farewells very short. "You're not parting forever," she said; "I come very near here every half-year about some money business, and sometimes I'll bring her with me and leave her for half an hour." And before the Misses Knightley could protest against such curtailed visits the cab had driven away.

Their railway journey brought them to a dismal little black village called Carrow. It stood up anyhow round a great factory, which was pouring forth fierce light from a hundred square windows.

"That's the works, Selina," said her aunt—"the chemical works for which your father experiments and analyses."

"Oh, how ugly!" cried the girl—which was perhaps ungracious.

"It brings us bread, Selina," said her aunt; "and your father will expect you to take an interest in his work and to help him, I can tell you," she added; "though he'll claim more from you for his hobbies and his pets and such useless trash."

"And so you're Selina," cried a thin, cracked voice in the hall of the low, dark house into which they were ushered. "Ah! you've got Maggie's eyes. Poor Maggie! There, there, don't smother me! We shall have plenty of time to get to know each other."

And as that life began, so it went on all through that awful winter. The old lady and gentleman received no visitors; they had dropped most of the amenities of life and they were waited on by faithful servants after their own hearts. Mr. Payne's duties lay among dangerous gases and acids; his recreation consisted of the study and domestication of living snakes and newts and frogs, and the dissection of the dead specimens—delights which he cordially invited his daughter to share. As for Miss Selina, she always gave a grunt when letters came from the Misses Knightley, and when Josephine threw out hints that she would like them to receive some substantial yet graceful recognition of their goodness to her, Miss Selina curtly replied that she had no doubt they had paid themselves in one way and another.

And this was the fulfillment of the dream for which Josephine had often turned away from the sweet realities of her old life at the Corner House! There was nothing shameful in it; on the contrary, it had credit and honor, for the poor girl

saw from newspapers and certificates how high her father stood in the estimate of his scientific brethren. And she would inherit a considerable fortune, too. She was assured of that. Yet Josephine's head was sick and her whole heart faint.

The crisis came one day, when rising from a dutiful but nauseating endeavor to mount a specimen for her father, she fancied she heard a familiar voice in the hall. What could have brought Philip Harvey there, and what sort of a reception would he get from Aunt Selina? Hastening from the study she met that lady returning from the front door, with a satisfied smile on her lips.

"Who has been here?" asked the niece, with a sinking heart.

"Some young whipper-snapper, wanting to see you," returned Aunt Selina. "A Mr. Harvey. We don't want any of that sort here. Those fellows who live by their wits are always very sharp after fortunes."

As her aunt spoke, Josephine felt the low dismal hall reel round her, until it seemed as if the frayed brown oilcloth rose up and smote her on the face—and she had fainted!

* * * * *

It was summer once more and the old green garden of the Corner House was again rich in color and sweetness. A carriage stands at the gate. Half an hour ago it brought up three people; in a few minutes it will carry away only two.

A group of five advance from the little arbor. There are the two Misses Knightley and Josephine. (How pale and thin she looks and how like a convalescent breathing fresh air and sunshine after months of fevered confinement! and yet Josephine has never been, as her aunt says, "really ill.") And there is Aunt Selina herself and Mr. Payne.

"Yes, ladies," says the old gentleman, "I know it's all right. 'What can the girl want?' says my sister, 'more than to have us always and to see the Misses Knightley every now and then?' Say I, 'Selina, maybe the right chemical combination would be for her to have the Misses Knightley always, and see us now and then, just by way of renewed experiment to prove it would not do.' You needn't defend yourself, child. I know you did your best. Selina, are you ready? Well, child, if ever you hear of any curious specimens—you remember that rare toad I was always looking out for—let me know. Good-bye."

"Josephine," whispered Miss Elizabeth, as the three turned back to the old house, "I have asked Mr. Harvey to come up and spend this evening with us—I did not think you would object—Why, Margaret, the roses on her cheeks are beginning to bloom again, already!"

And Josephine dreamed no more of grandeur and broken hearts.—*Edward Garrett, in Cassell's Magazine.*

RICH AND POOR.

"OUR conversation," said Mr. Barton, a gentleman who sat talking, one pleasant evening, with his children, "has brought to mind the story of a discontented man, that I once heard. His name was Willis. He was always complaining and finding fault with Providence. Nothing happened just as he wished. He enjoyed a fair income, the result of industry and skill in his business; but, although all his real wants were supplied, he was far from being satisfied."

"Then I think he must have been a very unreasonable man," said the son, a lad in his fifteenth year.

"Not more unreasonable than many others; nor, perhaps, more unreasonable than we all are, sometimes," replied Mr. Barton. "But if I remember rightly, I wrote the story down when I heard it, and if I can find it in my secretary I will read it to you."

Mr. Barton went to his secretary, and after searching among his papers for some time, said—"Yes, here it is." And he brought out a few sheets of paper, from which he read the following story, of

THE MAN WHO FOUND FAULT WITH PROVIDENCE.

"I think," said Mr. Benjamin Willis, speaking to a neighbor, "that I am as good as Mr. Jones, and quite as deserving of prosperity as he is. They say that Providence is impartial. But it will be hard to make me believe that. If it be so, why is it that the worst people have generally the most of life's blessings; while those who would do some good in the world with money, if they had it, can scarcely get enough to keep soul and body together."

"I suppose it is all best as it is," replied the neighbor. "At least, I am willing to believe so. God is too wise to err in regard to His creatures, and too good to be unkind to them. My doctrine is, to do the best you can—to do my duties in life faithfully and earnestly, and let the result come out as it will, satisfied that all will be well."

"I wish I could think and feel so, but I can't," replied Mr. Willis. "It is impossible to make me believe that all that happens is best for me. Do you think it was best for me to lose a thousand dollars last year by a man who cheated me out of that sum?"

"I suppose it was," said the neighbor, "or it wouldn't have happened."

"You can't make me believe that doctrine," returned Mr. Willis, shaking his head. "It was all for the best, too, I suppose, when I fell and broke my leg, and couldn't attend to business for three or four months?"

"No doubt of it. When I get sick, and my business suffers in consequence; or, when I meet

with losses and disappointments, I say to myself, 'This is permitted for some wise purpose, and I will try and think that it is a blessing in disguise.'"

"It's all very well for you if you can do it; but I can't," replied Mr. Willis. "I don't believe in such blessings in disguise. They are no blessings to me."

"The time may come when you will think differently," said the neighbor.

"I doubt that very much," returned Mr. Willis, and then they parted.

Mr. Jones, to whom allusion was made, had hired a vessel, and sent out a cargo of flour to the West Indies, upon which he had made a large sum of money. At the same time that his vessel sailed, Mr. Willis sent one out, also with a cargo of flour, in expectation of getting a handsome return. It so happened that the vessel of Mr. Jones reached its destination four days earlier than that of Mr. Willis, and found the market almost exhausted. Mr. Jones, of course, got a high price. Four vessels, all laden with flour, came in on the next day, and overstocked the market. When the cargo of Mr. Willis arrived, prices had fallen so low, that his flour scarcely brought its cost. This was what had worried his mind, and set him to complaining against Providence. He thought himself a great deal better man than Mr. Jones, and felt quite angry with the Great Disposer of events for favoring Mr. Jones and disappointing him in his scheme of profit. "Mr. Jones," said he to himself, "is a selfish, bad man and does no good at all with his money, and yet everything he touches is turned into gold; while I, who would make a much better use of riches, if I had them, am permitted barely to make a living. They needn't tell me about a wise and impartial Providence! I don't believe a word of it."

In this state of mind, Mr. Willis returned home in the evening. His children ran out to meet him, when they saw him coming; but he had no kind words for them. His wife stood at the door to welcome him, but he did not return her pleasant smile. There was a warm fire in the grate, and soon after he came in, cheerful lights burned in the family sitting-room. His comfortable chair was moved up to its usual place by one of his children; another brought his slippers; and all seemed rejoiced that he had come home again, and were anxious to show the love that was in their hearts. But all these great blessings, freely given by a good Providence, Mr. Willis did not then feel to be blessings, because he had been disappointed in the adventure he had made with a cargo of flour.

By the time the tea-bell rung, the cold and silent manner of Mr. Willis had caused all of his children to shrink from him. Two of them had taken their books and were reading, and the two youngest had stolen quietly away, and seated themselves

at a distance. No cheerful conversation passed around the table at tea-time, for Mr. Willis had nothing to say; and a single glance at his face was enough to check, in the children, all desire to speak.

After tea, Mr. Willis retired, alone, into the parlor, and sat down there to brood over his disappointment and complain against Providence for permitting Mr. Jones to make several thousand dollars profit on his flour, while he made nothing. The more he thought about it, the more unhappy he felt, for, in complaining against Providence, he permitted murmuring and complaining spirits to have access to his mind, which they filled with doubt, dissatisfaction and unhappiness. He had been in this unpleasant state for nearly half an hour, when a drowsy feeling came over him. He leaned his head back against the large chair in which he was sitting and closed his eyes. He had been sitting thus, it seemed to him, for only a moment or two, when he heard the door open; on looking around, an old man, whom he had never seen before, was standing in the room. His face had a serene and benevolent look. He approached Mr. Willis, and taking a chair that was near him, said, in a low voice, while he looked earnestly at him—"God is good."

The words and tones of the old man thrilled through the heart of Mr. Willis. He tried to speak but his tongue refused to do its usual office.

"God is good," resumed the old man. "He is good to all, and kind even to the complaining and unthankful. His tender mercies are over all His works. But man, poor, short-sighted man, is ever doubting His goodness; is ever seeing His gifts dispensed with a partial, instead of a wise and generous hand. Your complaints have been heard. He who, because He knows what is in man, knows what is best for him, has, thus far in your life, so disposed all events as to make them subserve the best and highest interest of your immortal soul. He gave you all the good things of this life that it was possible to give you, without doing your spiritual part an injury. But, because He would not curse you with wealth, you murmured against Him, and called His Providence partial and unjust. Behold, you are given up to the desires of your own heart. Money you can now have in abundance."

The old man, after saying this, arose slowly and turning away, walked silently from the room. He had been gone only a few moments, it seemed to Mr. Willis, when the door opened, and one of his clerks walked in, holding a letter in his hand, which he said had been sent to the store after he left by a merchant in whose package it had come. The letter proved to be from the captain of the vessel, in which his flour had been shipped. It stated that he had refused to sell at the price he had agreed to take, as mentioned in a former

letter, and had sailed for a neighboring island, where he obtained a very handsome price for the whole cargo. This made the profit of the voyage just four thousand dollars to Mr. Willis, who was now as much elated as he was before depressed. The singular visit of the old man was at once forgotten, in the gladness of mind that followed this unexpected intelligence.

From this period, the life of Mr. Willis seemed to be one whirl of excitement. There appeared little or no intervening space between the time of his reception of this letter and the morning; nor between his parlor and his counting-room. He next found himself at his desk, busy with schemes for making money. Another adventure was planned, and executed in great haste. It was even more successful than the first. Business increased at every point, and all his operations were profitable. Money flowed into him, rapidly, from almost every quarter. In his eagerness for gain, he scarcely allowed himself sufficient time to eat or sleep. He took no pleasure in his family; the old evening home-circle was broken up. He had no time to indulge in pleasures of this kind. The consequence was, that his children, as they grew up, felt but few attractions at home, and wandered away.

Before these prosperous times came, Mr. Willis used to go regularly with his family to church, every Sabbath; but he had no inclination to attend public worship now. It was irksome to him. He would much rather stay at home and think over his plans and business for the coming week.

Years went by with the almost speed of days. His children grew up and passed from under his care. One son had become dissipated, another fell into dishonest practices, and his oldest daughter was married to a man whose unkindness and evil courses were breaking her heart. These things began to disturb, seriously, the mind of Mr. Willis. Eager as he was for more money, and successful as were all his efforts to attain it, he could not be indifferent to these sad consequences of his neglect of his children.

One day there was presented to Mr. Willis the opportunity of making a very large sum of money, provided he would enter into a scheme that must certainly result in serious loss and injury to others. The only thing that made him hesitate about entering into this scheme, was the fear that his reputation might suffer. He thought nothing of what his neighbors might lose, nor of the spiritual injury that he would himself sustain. All day he pondered over the golden opportunity that had presented itself, and, in the evening, he still thought about it, while sitting alone, as he was now accustomed to do, in the parlor, musing on plans for getting more gain. Every argument, for and against the scheme, was carefully weighed,

and at length it was deliberately settled in his mind, that he would enter into it, and risk all danger of suffering in the good opinion of others.

While contemplating, in a pleasant mood, the rich return he would get from this new mode of acquiring wealth, he was disturbed by the entrance of some one, and looking up, he saw the venerable old man who had visited him, in the same place, years before. His countenance was mild, as then; but upon it rested a severe expression. He advanced close to Mr. Willis, and stood looking at him for some time in silence. At length he said:

"You have had your wish."

A tremor and a fear seized upon the heart of Mr. Willis.

"God has given you over," continued the old man, "to your own evil lusts. Wisely He withheld from you that which He knew would prove to be your ruin and the ruin of your children; but you complained against Him. With a pleasant home, innocent children and all things needful for bodily comfort and worldly well-being, you were not satisfied. You envied your neighbors the goods they possessed and made yourself miserable because you were not as rich as they were; and now, in your eager pursuit of wealth you are about doing a great wrong—you are about robbing, in fact, your neighbor of what is rightfully his. Will this make you happy? No—only the wise and good are happy. A conscience stained with evil is no pleasant companion. Are you a better man for the wealth you have been permitted to accumulate? No—you are a worse man, and your eternal condition will be hundred-fold more miserable. And how is it with your children, the precious jewels given into your care by God? What account of them are you prepared to render?"

At these words the mind of Mr. Willis was filled with anguish.

"Come," said the strange monitor, and he moved toward the door. An impulse that he could not resist caused Mr. Willis to follow him. As he stepped into the hall he started at the sight of one of his sons lying in deep intoxication upon the floor.

"There is one of these precious jewels," said the old man, sternly. "His ruin is the price you paid for gold—but come!"

The unhappy father moved on after the mysterious old man, who passed into the street and walked rapidly along for a considerable distance, until he reached the court-house, where he entered. At the bar stood the oldest son of Mr. Willis, arraigned for forging the signature of his employer to a check and drawing the money. The trial, it seemed had drawn to a close, the jury had brought in their verdict of guilty, and the judge was pronouncing sentence upon the trem-

bling culprit—a sentence of imprisonment for many long years.

"While you were in the eager pursuit of wealth," said the old man, as the officer took the criminal in charge and bore him away, "you scarcely thought or cared for your children. This son, inheriting from you a desire to possess what was not his own, was never taught the evil of theft, and led, with all possible diligence, into the practice of honesty—in little as well as great things. No, you had not time to think about or care for him. The getting of money was of far more consequence than the spiritual health of your children. But come!"

The old man turned from the court-room and the wretched father followed him. In a little while they entered a house and went up into one of the chambers. A low cry of fear and pain fell upon his ear as he reached the door of this chamber. As he entered he saw the husband of his unhappy daughter Jane, with a face like that of a madman, raising a billet of wood with which to strike her. The blow, if it fell, he was conscious must deprive her of life. Instantly he felt paralyzed in every limb. The missile hung suspended in air over the unprotected head of his child, but he could not move a step for her defense; nor could he even cry out. For a moment or two there was a wild struggle in his bosom; then his senses reeled and he felt like a man falling through space. Suddenly all was changed and he was sitting alone in his parlor, with his head resting against the back of the large cushioned chair in which he had seated himself. Starting up he stood for some moments on the floor, striving to collect his scattered senses. These were not fully restored until he heard the voice of his little daughter Jane at the door, calling his name and asking him to let her in.

"Thank God that it is all, all a dream," he then said, drawing a long breath.

"And was it, then, only a dream, father?" eagerly asked Henry Barton. "Didn't Mr. Willis get rich?"

"No, Henry, he didn't get rich. And all this was only a dream," replied the father.

"Wasn't it strange that he should have just such a dream as that?" said William. "It seems as if it were sent to him from Heaven, to make him see how wrong it was to find fault with Providence."

"No doubt it came by the permission of that very wise and good Providence against which he was ever complaining, and for the very purpose you suppose," replied Mr. Barton.

"And do you think, father," inquired Mary, "that if Mr. Willis had been permitted to get rich, that he would have acted just as the dream made him act?"

"That I cannot tell, my daughter. But as he couldn't get rich, although he tried very hard

to accumulate money, I am very sure that there was something in him that would have caused riches to have injured him very seriously."

"Spiritually, you mean, father?"

"Of course I do. Always when we think of the operations of Divine Providence toward us, we should bear in mind that they, in every case, regard, as I have before told you, eternal ends."

"I will try and not forget that as long as I live," said Mary. "Often things do not happen just as I could wish them happen, and then I am very apt to feel fretted, and wish that it were different. But this, I see, is very wrong."

"It certainly is, Mary. In everything, little and great, that happens in our whole lives, the Lord is present in His Divine Providence, overruling all for good. Our disappointments, our losses and our crosses, are all permitted for our spiritual good. And if we will but bear this in mind as we travel on through our journey of life, we will be happier and better men and women than would otherwise be the case."

"And all this is perfectly true, as well with the richest as with the poorest," remarked William.

"Yes, my son. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and He could give bountifully to all. But it would do very many more harm, spiritually, than good, to receive liberally of these benefits, and therefore all don't receive them alike. It is no respect for persons that causes the Lord to make some rich and some poor; but it comes of His infinite love to all, and His effort to save all from the evils and corruptions of their own hearts. The Lord not only seeks to save all in Heaven, but if men would let Him, He would save them even into Himself. This being so, you can easily see how everything in the Lord's Providence must have reference to man's salvation."

The children listened to their father with great attention. They all looked more serious than usual, but still they felt a deep quiet in their hearts; and there was peace there and a feeling of confidence in the Lord that He would order every event of their future lives for the best.

PATIENCE.—If patience be simply a slothful love of ease that can cause us to shun exertion, or an excessive restraint preventing rightful efforts at improvement, it is unworthy, and should be driven away; but if it be that tranquility which is in harmony with Nature and all her plans—which can afford to wait the appointed time for all things and yet is never wearied in well-doing—which can endure with fortitude the inevitable and yet lose no opportunity for helping what can be helped and improving what can be improved—which speaks of power held in reserve, but waiting only the right moment to spring into action—then we may well hope that such a "patience may have her perfect work."

A CUP OF CHOCOLATE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

AUNT SUE does make delicious chocolate. It is almost equal to my wife's coffee, which is enough to restore the good nature of the most bearish husband.

We rode over from our place—wife and I—one bitter December night, and though Prince is a capital horse, and it is but a five-mile drive, yet we were fairly chilled through. These western prairies are tough, reader, when the wind comes raking down from the northwest.

Aunt Sue lives on a farm, and is just such a plump, motherly, bright-faced woman of fifty, as old England boasts of. If a far-away look comes into her eyes, sometimes—those beautiful eyes, with the light of a diamond in them—I am sure we shall know Aunt Sue in Heaven by her eyes; they were only bright with pleasure now, and mellow as the "pound-sweetings" that lay upon the sideboard.

To appreciate the warmth of such a smile, and the light of such an eye, you must know, dear reader, that Aunt Sue has five noble boys lying out under the church-yard trees, and only last year, they laid her husband to sleep beside them. So, when we catch a glimpse of that far-away look, we know where are Aunt Sue's thoughts.

The little ones—our mite of a boy and girl—were tucked away under the buffalo robes that night, and when Auntie got hold of them, such a kissing, and laughing, and crying and general jollification, I am sure you never saw the like but with your own wild urchins. If we were cold before, we are warm enough now, after such a "hurrah, boys" as this! There is nothing like a good laugh, reader, to set the blood in motion—not a cadaverous, dyspeptic smile, which says as plain as can be, "There! I didn't mean to; don't think I laughed then, it was only a mistake."

Aunt Sue thought so, any way; and knew what she was about, when she made such a fuss and rumpus over us, while waiting for the steaming cocoa to forthcome. While we sipped our chocolate—we, from those rare old china bowls of Auntie's, and the little ones from dainty silver mugs—it's all a fib that water tastes just as good from a tin cup, don't you think so?—Aunt Sue commenced loading her table with goodies from her over-stocked larder, which looked as if urging some one to come and partake. Between you and me, kind reader, aren't these country housekeepers enough to make our airy city friends hide their diminished heads?

There were the rows of jellies—amber, crimson and purple, marmalades and jams; canned fruits and pickles; cold chicken and pressed beef, the whole of a boiled ham, garnished with leaves, and stuck full of cloves; with slices of tongue, that if

not longing to speak, certainly made the beholder impatient to eat; there, too, were the rows of flaky mince pies and yellow pumpkin, with certain boxes suggestive of cheese, crullers, cookies and fruit-cake.

When Auntie had selected from her stores, not forgetting a basket of winter pears and pippins, and embellished her table with dainty asides of china and silver, crowning the whole with her own sweet matronly grace, we were invited to sup. Just as Aunt Sue had ordered fresh cups of chocolate, a light, hurried tap at the dining-room door, caused us to look up. A sweet-faced woman all earnestness and determination, stood in the open door. All unmindful of us, she exclaimed, "Mrs. Murray, for God's sake help me save my husband! He came in an hour ago disappointed about work, and trembling with hunger for drink, and now is just starting for town. You know what that means. Those ravening wolves down at the Corners will have him beastly drunk when I see him again." By this time the tears were dripping all over her face.

"You poor child," murmured Aunt Sue's motherly voice. "Here, take this pot of hot chocolate as quick as you can go, and coax John to drink it. In a few moments I will send him over some of these good things to nourish his body and draw off his mind from the craving. Be quick and deft-handed and we'll save him for this time, depend upon it."

No need to say "quick" twice, for the poor wife's feet fairly flew. With what eagerness we watched the packing of that basket, sent on such an errand!

Then, as we dined, Aunt Sue—good soul—told us the tale of sickness, loss of work, discouragement and temptation that had brought a noble-hearted fellow down to the gates of ruin, and how she was trying to lift him up, and of his attempts to reform, and then broken pledges, from tormenting appetite; the despair, the physical weakness, all forming a vivid picture.

"Just now," said she, "I am trying to stand guard with a cup of chocolate or strong coffee, whenever I know of these trembling, sinking spells, and I believe we shall win. God grant that we do," she added reverently. "I think there would be no doubt if there were not a grog-shop at every turn."

We looked long and earnestly into our chocolate-bowls after that. Was it possible that they held a virtue to win the poor inebriate from his cup? My wife and I exchanged glances, for was there not one dearer than life whom we longed to save, and knew not how?

"Try it," said Aunt Sue; "be wary and wise as the serpent. Watch day and night over the weak brother; remember that the passion of strong drink is a disease, and must be dealt with as such. Throw the sufferer off the scent, as it were, by

healthy nourishment and comforting of the inner man. In this case my little friend's husband needs encouragement, sympathy and employment."

"He shall have it," thought I, and so through the long winter's night I lay dreaming of plans of rescue, helpfulness and practical aid, mixed with cups of fragrant cocoa, which, thank God and Aunt Sue's help, I was permitted to carry out to a joyful fruition, all owing to that *cup of chocolate and what came of it*. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

MRS. HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

"IN order to investigate one's self," says Ruskin, "it is well to find out what one is now.

Don't think vaguely about it. Take pen and paper and write down as accurate a description of yourself as is possible; and if you dare not, find out why you dare not, and try and get strength of heart enough to look yourself in the face, mind as well as body. Always have two mirrors on your dressing-table, and, with proper care, dress mind and body at the same time. Put your best intelligence to finding out what you are good for and what you can be made into. The mere resolve not to be useless and the honest desire to help other people will, in the quickest and most delicate way, improve one's self. All accomplishments should be considered as means of assisting others. In music get the voice disciplined and clear, and think only of accuracy; expression and effect will take care of themselves. So in drawing, learn to set down the right shape of anything and thereby explain its character to another person; but if you try only to make showy drawings for praise, or pretty ones for amusement, your drawing will have little or no interest for you and no educational power. Resolve to do each day something useful in the vulgar sense. Learn the economy of the kitchen, the good and bad qualities of every common article of food and the simplest and best modes of their preparation. One should at the end of every day be able to say, as proudly as any peasant, that she has not eaten the bread of idleness. Get quit of the absurd idea that Heaven will interfere to correct great errors, while allowing its laws to take their own course in punishing small ones. If food is carelessly prepared, no one expects Providence to make it palatable; neither, if through years of folly you misguide your life, need you expect divine interference to bring round everything at last for the best. I tell you positively the world is not so constituted. The consequences of great mistakes are just as sure as those of small ones; and the happiness of your whole life, and of all the lives over which you have power, depends as literally on your common-sense and discretion as the excellence and order of a day."

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

CHAPTER I.

TWO children were playing on the floor in a handsomely-furnished apartment—one a girl scarcely past her fifth summer and the other a sunny-haired boy, younger by at least two years. A living picture of happy innocence. No wonder that ever and anon the mother's eyes were lifted from the book she was reading and fixed with a

spring from the floor with cries of pleasure, and a smile went wreathing over the mother's face.

With his boy on one knee and his little girl on the other, the man sat down close beside his wife and said, tenderly:

"I thought you looked sober as I came in, Ellen; or was it only my fancy?"

"I don't know that it was all fancy," returned his wife.

"Why should you be sober or thoughtful, dear?

Have we not all that heart can wish? With sunny faces like these around you, how can a shadow fall upon your spirits?"

"I can ask no change for the present, Edward—my cup is full. It is from the uncertain future that a shadow comes."

"The present only is ours. Let us be wise and enjoy the blessings scattered about our feet."

"If these dear children could only remain as they are, innocent and happy, no thoughts would come to disturb the quiet of my heart; but that is not to be. Ah, Edward! to think of care and sorrow weighing down this head," and the mother laid her small white hand among the curls that clustered about the head of her boy, "or anything evil finding a home in this dear child's heart! I cannot tell you how sad the thought sometimes makes me."

"But how vain all this, dear. We cannot know the future. All are not oppressed with care or sorrow; all hearts are not filled with evil—why, then, should such things be feared for our children? Surely their promise is fair?"

"Few, perhaps, have so fair a promise," said the wife. "But where we can know nothing certain, the

heart will at times feel the pressure of a doubt."

Just at that moment the bell announced dinner and turned their thoughts from the sober current into which they had fallen.

The parties here introduced were a wealthy merchant named Greenfield, his young wife, and their two beautiful children. Mr. Greenfield had married at the age of thirty-two, after having lived for ten or twelve years a life of pleasure and sensual gratification. Few men of his age had been through so much gayety and dissipation, and yet showed it as little; and there was none, except his wife, who knew that a single evil of the many indulged in earlier years had fixed itself upon him as a habit, and even she did not realize in



A PICTURE OF HAPPY INNOCENCE.

loving earnestness upon them; nor that, resting the volume in her lap, she murmured to herself, "Precious ones!" and remained gazing at them for many minutes, until, observing her, the children left their play, and as if drawn to her side by the invisible power of love, came and leaned upon her and looked up tenderly in her face. Receiving each a kiss, the children bounded away, and the mother, after following their motions with her eyes, raised her book again and commenced reading. But it was not long before the volume dropped from her hands, and with a sigh so faint that it was scarcely audible, she leans slightly forward and became lost in reverie. While she thus sat, the door opened and a man in the prime of life entered the room. Instantly the children

anything like an adequate sense the consequences likely to flow from this habit.

Accustomed to take wine and spirits from youth upward, Mr. Greenfield's physical system gradually accommodated itself to the extra stimulant it was compelled to bear, and seemed not to be in the least injuriously affected by it. But this was only an appearance. Undreamed of by the young man a morbid change was taking place, and a habit forming itself which ere long was to become in him a "second nature," and bear him onward as the stream bears the boat that is launched upon its surface. Long before his marriage the impulses of this "second nature" were felt, but not in a way to create in his mind doubt or alarm. On convivial occasions and at "wine parties" he sometimes indulged in drinking until reason's light grew dim and the senses lost their nice discrimination; but, saving a slight feeling of mortification, and a resolve to be more guarded in the future, such occurrences did not produce any serious effect upon his mind.

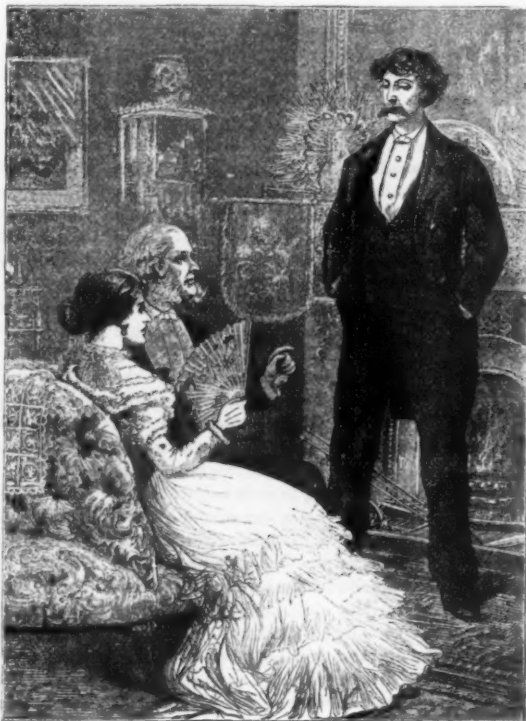
At the age of twenty-five, Mr. Greenfield succeeded to a large and well-based mercantile business, which he continued with something of the intelligence, energy and industry that distinguished his father, who had founded it and built thereon a handsome fortune. Inheriting a love of accumulation and inspired by an ambition to be among the wealthiest, he devoted himself to the duties of his counting-room during the hours of business with untiring assiduity. But when he left the atmosphere of trade he entered that of pleasure, and sensualized his mind to a degree that would have startled him had an image thereof been clearly reflected in his perceptions.

This life was continued until the age of thirty-two, when he was united to a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of a merchant whose wealth quadrupled his own. Not solely by external considerations were the parties to this union influenced. A purer and stronger attraction drew them toward each other, and in joining their hands at the altar, their hearts acknowledged a deep and true affection; and she who whispered her maiden vows was worthy of his love. A great change took place in Greenfield about the time he entered into a marriage engagement. Gay company was abandoned for the society of his betrothed, and youthful follies and vices no longer indulged, with the single exception of spirit and

wine drinking, which he looked upon as nothing evil.

Tenderly did Mr. Greenfield love the gentle creature he had taken to his bosom; and when sweet children blessed their union that love became a deeper and purer passion.

It is impossible for any one to pass a long period in such indulgences as had marked the early years of Mr. Greenfield's life, without having his mind debased in some degree, and the lower



MR. AND MRS. GREENFIELD AND THEIR VISITOR.

propensities stimulated beyond the limit of an easy control. He took great delight in the table, and ate and drank daily far more than nature really needed. Mere eating and drinking, for the sake of gratifying the taste, is an evil that grows, and the longer it is continued the more power does appetite gain, and the weaker becomes the reason when it opposes itself to any self-indulgence.

Very soon after the marriage of Mr. Greenfield, his thoughts began to minister to his appetite, and from a deliberate purpose, without reflecting that such was the case, he so arranged his business that on returning home to dinner he could dismiss all care from his mind. An hour was always

spent at the table, at the end of which period a cup of strong coffee was taken to aid his stomach in the disposition of an overplus of highly-seasoned food, and an hour spent in sleep to give time for the wine and brandy, taken with a most imprudent freedom, to pass from his confused brain. This was the history of every day at the time we have introduced him to the reader, about six years subsequent to his marriage.

To have said that Mr. Greenfield went to bed drunk every day after dinner, would have been felt, both by himself and wife, as a base and cruel slander. Yet, in truth, it was even so.

It may seem strange to some, yet the intemperance of her husband was not a source of anxiety to Mrs. Greenfield, for she did not know his daily self-indulgence by that startling and appalling name. He never came home in liquor; he did not act unreasonably. His business was never neglected, nor were his evenings spent in clubs or convivial parties. But when he indulged too freely, he concealed the fact under the mantle of sleep. Not only was his wife deceived, but Mr. Greenfield, by the very orderly way, so to speak, in which he indulged his appetite, remained half-ignorant of the fact that he drank to intoxication almost daily.

On the day in which we have introduced the merchant to our reader, he came home as usual with his thoughts more fully occupied with what he was to eat and drink than with anything else. Slight expressions of impatience made on more than one occasion at having to wait a short period beyond the usual dining hour, had caused his wife so to arrange affairs as to have dinner announced in as brief a space as possible after he came in from his business. But a few minutes, therefore, elapsed before the bell rang, and Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield, each holding a child by the hand, descended to the dining-room. A glass of brandy-and-water came first in order, by way of preparation for the viands that were to enter successively into Mr. Greenfield's stomach. Then he took his plate of highly-seasoned soup, and ate it with the relish of an epicure. Between his soup and fish came another glass of brandy-and-water, and with the meats, two or three kinds of which were on the table, salads, condiments and brandy were mingled.

During the early part of the meal there was little conversation, but after the brandy and rich food had begun to stimulate the blood of Mr. Greenfield, his tongue became free, and he had much to say that was interesting and agreeable to both his wife and children. Before, however, the dessert had been eaten, conversation began to flag, for the merchant was losing the easy control of his vocal organs. With the dessert came a bottle of wine, a glass of which was taken by Mrs. Greenfield; her husband drank the rest.

When all the courses had passed, and while the merchant was sipping the last of his bottle of wine, a single cup of strong coffee, almost as black as ink, was brought in by a servant. Into this three or four large lumps of sugar were dissolved, making a liquid like syrup. After taking this leisurely with a spoon, Mr. Greenfield ascended to his chamber, with every sense confused, and really so much intoxicated that if he had ventured into the street he would have reeled along the pavement. There he slept away the effects of his debauch, for such it really was.

Mrs. Greenfield, who had eaten, as she always did, lightly, passed the afternoon in reading, after having sent her two children out to take the air. They returned before their father came down, and were clambering about their mother, and telling of all they had seen, when he joined them in the drawing-room, his face red and tumid, and his whole appearance that of one almost as much asleep as awake. Not until after tea did he seem like himself again. Then, with a heart full of affection for his wife and children, and a mind clear and intelligent, he passed the evening in the enjoyment of true domestic happiness. He sported with his little ones, Henry and Florence, for an hour, until sleep weighed gently down their eyelids; and after they were laid to rest he bent over them and gazed upon their beautiful faces, more beautiful in sleep, with a feeling of tenderness not to be uttered in words. Deeply and fervently did he love these gentle ones. Their babes asleep, Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield spent the evening in reading and conversation, the time passing pleasantly with both. At the hour of retiring, Mr. Greenfield ordered a bottle of wine. His wife took a single glass as at dinner-time, and he drank three or four.

On the next morning, Mr. Greenfield felt a nervous tremor and sinking, to subdue which he took, soon after rising, a glass of brandy. This made all right and prepared him to enjoy his breakfast and to go forth to enter upon the business of another day. At twelve o'clock a lunch was taken, and with this another glass of brandy, and at three o'clock he returned home to deprave himself by the indulgence of a groveling and inordinate appetite, as he had done the day before.

The history of one day in the life of Mr. Greenfield gives the history of years. Thus he had gone on, almost since the time of his marriage, and the evil, as a natural result, was increasing. Having presented this history of a day, in order to give a clearly discernible cause for results which we shall exhibit in the course of our narrative, we will now pass to a portrayal of the sad effects we design to present. Let the reader bear in mind that the habit of drinking was formed at the time of Mr. Greenfield's marriage, and that this habit had daily confirmation from that period onward.

CHAPTER II.

TWO lovelier children than those of Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield are rarely seen. Florence grew daily like her mother; but Henry had every feature of his father, and there was a striking resemblance in their dispositions.

The power of habit is very strong, even the habit of putting a limit to sensual indulgence. By this power of habit Mr. Greenfield was saved from becoming an abandoned drunkard. Business demanded a certain portion of his time, and in order to successfully attend to this, he kept himself free from the disturbing effects of liquor during the business part of the day. True, he took a glass of brandy every morning early, but this was to restore to his over-stimulated and weakened nerves the artificial strength which had wasted itself during the night; and he took another glass with his luncheon at twelve o'clock, but that produced about the same effect as his morning glass, and did not sensibly cloud his mind. It was after the business of the day was over that he gave the reins to his appetite, and then he had leisure to sleep off the effects.

Thus it went on, day after day, and year after year, with but a small apparent increase, except to the eyes of his wife, who could see that the indulgence was freer than in former times, and the stupor that followed, deeper and more apoplectic.

Henry had grown up, in everything meeting the expectations and wishes of his parents, until he had reached the age of sixteen, when a sudden fear in regard to him took hold of his parents' hearts.

A gentleman, well advanced in years, of much observation and reflection, paid a visit to Mr. Greenfield about this time. An hour earlier than usual the merchant came home with this friend, and while they sat conversing before dinner, something led to a remark on the power of habit, and the latter said—

"We all acknowledge this power as affecting ourselves, but how few of us think of its influence upon our children! And yet it is an undoubted fact, that we transmit to our offspring predispositions in exact agreement with any habits of good or evil that we may confirm in ourselves."

"Do you really think so?" inquired Mrs. Greenfield, with much apparent interest in her voice.

"There is not a question of it, madam," was replied. "Do we not see in children a uniform resemblance to their parents, both in body and mind? There could not be a more perfect likeness between two persons than there is between you and your daughter, and the same may be said of Henry and his father. You can best tell how nearly their mental qualities correspond with your own. Now, the mind is made up of affections, which take forms of thought, and by means of the

body produce actions. It is not thought, nor is it action, that parents transmit to their children, but affections, and these must be similar to their own. These affections, as they gain strength, take to themselves appropriate thoughts, and as the body matures, action in correspondence follows. Of course the thought and action will be either good or evil, in agreement with the affections that produced them."

"There is force in that," said Mr. Greenfield, with a thoughtful air. "But it is very wonderful! We do not give to our offspring a body fully formed, nor do we give thought, but only a mysterious spiritual organism, with power to take from the higher elements of nature materials with which to elaborate a body in perfect conformity to its wants in the physical world, and with power to act by means of thought."

"Yes, that is all. It is our affections, our propensities or qualities of mind, that we transmit to our children, and this is why their bodies resemble ours; for it is the soul that forms the body for its own use, and flows into, and animates it with what is peculiarly its own. Therefore, if we are in the love and practice of what is good and true, we give to our children inclinations to the same things; but if we are selfish, sensual and evil-minded, our children will be born with like propensities. By the forms of affection that we make for ourselves, we bless or curse our children. If good, we help them on to a higher regeneration; if evil, we retard this good work, and may be the means of their destruction. The law which governs in the natural as well as the spiritual world, in the body as well as the mind, is the law of similarity between cause and effect. A bitter fountain never has, and never can send forth sweet water. An evil-minded father cannot give pure affections to his child. The history of the world's declension since the fall of man sadly corroborates all this."

"What a momentous truth!" ejaculated, or rather sighed Mrs. Greenfield. "And yet, who thinks of it! Whose love of children leads to a denial of selfish impulses?"

"Alas! that it is so," returned the friend. "Men toil early and late to accumulate wealth to bless their children, but never think of restraining a selfish impulse or overcoming an evil desire in order to lessen the transmissible force of evil."

"You spoke of habit affecting our children," said Mr. Greenfield. "Is that so to a great extent?"

"Undoubtedly. Whatever we do from long-continued habit, we make our own, or, in other words, what is done from habit, impresses the mind permanently. The mind, you understand, of course, to be an organized spiritual substance, capable of receiving and retaining impressions. Now, only what the mind possesses in regard to

state and quality can it transmit, and things habitually done by any one must come from a fixed state or quality of mind."

"Then all our habits will be reproduced in our children?" remarked Mr. Greenfield, who felt a good deal of interest in what was said.

"All our habits will affect them, though all may never be fully reproduced in action, owing to counteracting forces. The habit of the father may be neutralized, so to speak, by a habit of the mother, or the inherited inclination may lay quiescent through lack of excitement. Still, as a general thing, in this sense the sins of the father are visited 'upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation.' The evil that any man does from a willing mind gives to his children an inclination to do likewise. All sensual indulgences have a like effect."

"Then the children of an habitual drunkard," said Mrs. Greenfield, "will be inclined to intemperance?"

"Most assuredly, if born *after* the father's fall from sobriety. Some have wondered why, in this age, there was in the mass of the people such an inclination to excessive drinking. The reason is found in a widely-spread hereditary predisposition to intemperance. Our ancestors, through one or two generations back, drank habitually. At first, drinking to intoxication was rare. But it was found that the people of a second generation had not the power to use wine or spirits within a sober limit, and the reason was because they inherited a love for stimulating drinks. Drunkenness then became suddenly a widespread evil, and at one time almost threatened the ruin of society. It conquered the strongest intellects and darkened the brightest genius. Everywhere appeared its ravages—in the palace and hovel, in the pulpit and at the bar, in the physician's office and in the mechanic's shop. Various were the hostile attitudes assumed by the friends of temperance in order to overcome this terrible foe. But until, under Providence, a principle of total abstinence from all stimulating drinks was adopted, resistance proved almost in vain. That met the evil, for it took away all excitement from the hereditary or acquired love of drink."

"It is plain, then," remarked Mr. Greenfield, "that if a man indulge freely in drinking, he excites the hereditary love of liquor in himself, should he possess it, and transmits it with accumulated force to his children?"

"Without doubt this is so. And were it not that most children of drinking parents are born before their progenitors have indulged the degrading appetite to a serious extent, a state of things incomparably worse than we have ever seen would have existed."

Dinner was announced at this stage of the conversation, and Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield conducted

their guest to the dining-room. Henry was at college and Florence at a boarding-school. The dinner-party consisted, therefore, of but three persons. Upon the table were two decanters, one containing brandy, and the other old rye whisky; and on a side table was a wine-cooler containing four bottles of wine. After the first course had passed, Mr. Greenfield handed the brandy to his guest, and said—"Here is some fine old brandy from the London docks. Will you try some of it?"

The gentleman smiled, and replied—"Excuse me, if you please. It would be a dangerous experiment for me to put a glass of that to my lips."

"Indeed! Why so?" returned Mr. Greenfield, evincing some surprise.

"You remember the conversation which has just passed. I have a birthright fondness for all kinds of intoxicating drinks, and at one time of life almost destroyed myself, body and soul, from its indulgence. But by total abstinence, through God's mercy, I was saved. To taste again would only excite and inflame the dormant appetite, and for me to tempt myself by such an act would be little less than insanity."

Mr. Greenfield took the decanter of brandy which he had reached to his guest, and was about filling his own glass, when some thought glancing through his mind caused him to hesitate, and replace it upon the table.

"How long is it since you gave up the use of brandy?" he inquired.

"Thirty years."

"So long?"

"Yes. I am now sixty-five, and have not tasted a drop of brandy for thirty years. But I had drank long and deep before I abandoned the debasing habit, and alas! was afterwards doomed to see the consequences of my error visited upon my child. In the very prime of manhood, and when he gave promise of a brilliant, useful and honorable future, the accursed appetite which had come to him as an heirloom through two generations, overmastered him, and he fell never to rise again. My son fills a drunkard's grave."

The old man's voice trembled, and there was a flush of feeling on his face. But the signs of emotion passed quickly, and he added—

"Have I not good reasons for letting the cup pass me untasted?"

"Reasons the most powerful," replied Mr. Greenfield, with much seriousness of manner.

A conversation so sober did not suit a pleasant dinner occasion, and the guest changed it to a more cheerful theme. One course followed another, and, strange to tell, the brandy remained untasted—an occurrence which had not taken place for nearly thirty years where Mr. Greenfield was at the table.

With the dessert came some choice wines, and the bottle was again handed to the guest. But he declined with graceful politeness, and said—

"To a morbid appetite, even wine is a poison, and stimulates the mind into a temporary insanity. I dare not taste it."

"Surely wine will not have that effect," said Mr. Greenfield.

"It will, assuredly. There is no law for a man whose taste has been corrupted, but that of entire abstinence."

Mr. Greenfield filled his own glass, and that of his wife; but the latter remained untouched. While taking the dessert, the merchant drank two or three glasses of wine, and then took his usual cup of strong coffee. For the first time in many years he retired from his own table a sober man. He had strange feelings, for the singular conversation of his guest had turned his thoughts into an entirely new current. He could think of little else save hereditary transmissions. The question forced itself upon him, "How far have I disturbed the equilibrium of my son's mind by giving him some inordinate propensity confirmed in myself by habit?" And he trembled in spirit as he remembered at how early a period in life he had indulged himself deeply in the pleasures of drinking.

Not far different from those of her husband were the feelings of Mrs. Greenfield. The guest retired, but he left behind him troubled thoughts. He had brought in a light which revealed an unimagined danger, and they who had been happy in their blind security were now trembling with alarm.

T. S. A.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IMPRUDENT MARRIAGES.

THE following sensible thoughts on the hasty and imprudent marriages, so common in this country, are from the *Art-Interchange*:

In no country in the world but the United States will a young man expect a young woman to marry him when he has no visible means of support. But it is as true here as elsewhere, that matrimony is presumably entered into for happiness; and it is quite as true that when a young couple marry without means to provide the necessities of life, they marry not into happiness but misery. With all due allowance for the fact, that money is made here more quickly than elsewhere, I am sure that it would be the part of wisdom, under these circumstances, to be a trifle less impulsive and a trifle more mercenary.

But to be mercenary is to the average young woman a horror of horrors; for has she not been brought up with the idea that bills will be paid somehow out of a manly purse, that it is a mascu-

line trait to send costly flowers when the sender has not even a clerkship, that the world is gay, and that romance really has not been driven to the wall? When instilled with love she is not to be expected to be mercenary for the first time. Why should she? The thought is very "calculating;" is repugnant and vulgar. The result is an improvident marriage; after which with marvelous rapidity, Love unfolds his wings and departs by the nearest window. Love abhors petty sacrifices on the altar of penuriousness. But I have not stated the remedy.

The remedy is in the proper training of women. Girls are, if anything, quicker witted than men, and could they see what they consent to do when they whisper "Yes," they would much oftener turn that "Yes" into a decisive "No." I am sure that if all girls were brought up to know the value of money they would marry better. I have heard many a girl exclaim that she wished she knew how to make a living were she compelled to do so. And I would like to see every girl, rich or poor, taught from very childhood that she must earn a certain amount in any event, or suffer some deprivation in consequence—make it gloves, flowers, laces, pleasure expenses, or any one of the things that now induce extravagant habits. I venture the belief that with their quick wits they would in almost every case accomplish their task.

If girls knew the value of money, and were taught to earn it—there are plenty of ways open to them for earning it—there would be fewer marriages between mere children, fewer such vulgar displays as large church weddings, and fewer marriages between rich but gullible young men and luxurious spinsters of twenty-eight or thirty, whose expensive habits and want of fortune have frightened off worthy admirers, less talk of "good engagements," and more of true love.

A good wife will help and counsel her husband; many a man by his wife's good counsel has done well in life. Good counsel cannot be expected from a woman who, acting upon impulse, rushes headlong into an improvident marriage. Girls will continue to marry thoughtlessly unless they are trained to know what it means to support one's self, and to realize that weathering the vicissitudes of life is an art incumbent upon women as well as men.

A GIRL should be taught to detest two things thoroughly—idleness and aimlessness. These two enemies have given birth to *ennui*, which is pain. If she be a child of fortune, instruct her, even more carefully than if she were poor, to work in some definite manner for pleasure's own sake. More than all, train her hands and stir her brain with the constant assurance that she will find her sweetest satisfaction in that which she is to accomplish in life.

WHO KNOWS?

WE often read strange things in the papers about wicked men struck down while blaspheming the Almighty; or of lightning instantly killing a wicked man, but it is not an incident in our own vicinity, and we say the local editor was hard run for an item and drew heavily upon his imagination.

One time in our own experience something stranger than fiction did occur. We are not superstitious nor fanatical, nor do we let our fancy run away with our better judgment, but really and truly, something strange *did* happen once.

The young minister boarded with us. He was an excellent young man fresh from the Theological Seminary in Pittsburg, poor, and in debt, and a stranger. He had two front rooms directly above our own. He wrote sermons above, and we wrote stories below. We agreed charmingly. He approved of our work with a bow and a smile, and we gave cordial approbation to his work. Sometimes he pruned one of our redundant sentences until it was clear and concise, and sometimes, we in a motherly way, suggested a sprinkle of flowers or a bit of strong poetry to brighten his logical themes. In this way mutual appreciation was gratifying and helpful to both, and after all these years we look back to those days and count them among our happiest and best.

But one Saturday night we could not read nor write nor study for the continual treading of the soft feet in the room above. It made us nervous. He always studied the hardest on those nights. The sermons came slowly and with effort. He said, sometimes the mist did not clear away until the first rosy hint of the new day rising up from the east. We could hear him pause at his desk then resume the monotonous tread.

How we pitied him! How we did upbraid ourselves for unkindly criticisms on any man's sermons, when they cost so dear.

We wondered how Papa Simpson could sleep in church, even though his purple bunion had robbed him of his rest; and how his wife could fold her double chin down against her fat neck and glide off into forgetfulness.

The minister had preached a sermon for young men two Sabbaths before, and some of them had taken offense at his remarks on card playing. Especially was Con Kellar offended. He and John Allen walked home from church together, muttering dissatisfaction, and jerking their heads ominously. They were bad boys.

On the evening of which we write—the evening that the wearisome tramp, tramp, of the village parson so annoyed us—Con and John passed our house on horseback. Both were intoxicated. Presently they rode back, halted in front of the house and assailed the poor young minister with

oaths, and threats, and imprecations. They were very abusive. One of the girls hurried to the piano, and with a tact that was womanly, struck up a noisy piece of music. This prevented the miscreants from accomplishing their purpose. She succeeded admirably, for not a word reached his hearing.

Sitting on the veranda, half hidden by the climbing roses, and the larches, and laburnums between the door and the street, we could hear every oath and every word hailed out by the young men. We said "make the piano its very noisiest; what will the poor fellow think if he hears the boys!"

Then, with intense earnestness, we said to ourselves, sitting there on the step, "What a pity that such things must be! How cruel for Con Kellar to sit out there on his horse, unmolested, and abuse such a godly man as our dear pastor! It's not fair. Why couldn't the Lord be pleased to give the lad a reminder—nothing very bad, but just enough to hurt him. He could do it so easily, and it would be such a just rebuke. I wish He would do so, right away!" We were in dead earnest when we whispered this to ourselves. We felt the earnestness to the very tips of our fingers, which were twisting and interlacing together in our lap.

Directly the boys brought their riding whips with stinging force down upon the necks of their poor beasts, and then dashed away up the street at full speed. And the "village pastor," as the girls called him in moods of mischief, was left unmolested and ignorant of the abusive assault.

The road above our house is beautiful. On one side is a meadow sloping down to a chattering "brook that winds away from haunts of men to join the brimming river." On the other, is a dense wildwood, lush with maiden's hair, mosses, plummy ferns, phlox and all the sweet green that goes to make up the paraphernalia of the natural woodland. Native trees, with their loose broidery of grape-vines draping their branches, came down to the very edge of the road. Some of the large old trees stand quite out in the traveled highway. The rails of the fence are mottled with lichen and moss, and the gray roadside rocks were plushy as though covered with carpet.

After we went to bed that night we heard voices of people passing and repassing—quiet voices they were, and we said it was some of the neighbors from the ridge, or from the river country, who had been at the post office for the weekly papers, or at the store for groceries, in exchange for early potatoes, butter, eggs and young chickens.

The minister kept up his ceaseless tramping until long past the hour of midnight. His soft step and the frogs' bassoon in the morass anear the river's bend were blended sounds that broke the silence of the soft summer night.

The next morning was one of the soft, balmy, delicious, odorous mornings that crown the mid-June. We walked to church slowly. We worshipped as we walked along. The earth was in perfect tune, from the blue vault of the far-away heavens down to the glistening cricket that chirped in the dew-impearled grass. We looked at everything, noting even the tiny tents of filmy lace pitched by the spiders on the green tussocks in the fence corners.

We like to saunter alone, perhaps because we are not "proper," as the worldly-wise regard the proprieties of etiquette. We are inclined to "gawk," finding stories in stumps, and "sermons in stones." We never join with the congregation when they sing, "I would not live alway, I ask not to stay."

As we passed the doctor's yard in the village we walked slowly, for the grape-vine that covers his office with a leafy drapery was in blossom, and there is no odor so dainty and dreamy as the blooms of that vine send forth. We wanted our share of this sweetness floating out on the morning air, a free gift to the summer time.

But there, leaning back wearily in the big chair in the office, his arm in a sling, the torn sleeve hanging loosely, his head bundled up in white cloths that came down one side of his bruised face sat a poor, mangled, miserable, swollen creature, from whose lips came broken, oppressed breathing. We caught our breath, pained and sorry.

A bird, swinging in the top of a pine, was singing his very sweetest. It seemed wrong for anything to rejoice there, in sight of the suffering man, and we flirted our parasol and scared him away.

Just then we met the old sexton, wheezing along as usual. Asthma held the old man with the clutch of a demon. We told him of the poor soul we had seen sitting in the doctor's office, and he replied:

"W'y, didn't you know that Con Kellar cum nigh gitten killed almost fernen't your house last night, 'long 'bout ten o'clock or thereabouts?"

No, we hadn't heard of it, and then, had a tornado blown into our face, it would not have taken our breath quicker. We thought of the earnest wish of the night before. Had God given Con the reminder that we wished for?

"An' you didn't know it, Misses? Why, that's queer," continued the old sexton, fixing his watery eyes on our dazed countenance. "You see, Con an' John was a ridin' home'ards as fast as sich young bloods is apt to do, an' in the darkness like, Con was throwed from his critter right in amongst them trees beyont your house, an' he war flung agin one, an' his foot it stuck in the stirrup, an' the critter it ran an' drug him along in the big road, head down'ards, ever so fur. One arm was broke, and a rib or two was teched up

pretty lively, an' his face was banged up powerfully. Wonder they didn't stop at your house and get 'sistance there. Doctor says he'll git along, but the massy knows he suffers torturs, an' will, fur a while. An' you didn't know it, an' there was men an' nabors a-passin' your house, time an' agin, till after midnight!"

We didn't gawk after hearing the garrulous old sexton tell this astounding news. We felt guilty. There were tears in our eyes. Would Con know what this meant. When we had wished for the reminder we thought really of the roadside trees and fences, and how easily his horse could throw him, but we had not calculated how terribly the poor boy would look, and feel and suffer. Was the wish wicked, we wondered.

And as we walked on our way to church, saddened and sorry, we thought of the words of Elihu, the son of the Buzite, "Therefore He knoweth their works, and He overturneth them in the night, so that they are destroyed. He striketh them as wicked men in the open sight of others."

ROSELLA.

COME BACK.

SWEET flowers of May, come back once more,
Sweet flowers of May, come back! come back!

The howling wind is at my door,
The earth with snow is covered o'er,
Sweet flowers of May, come back! come back!
Sweet birds of May, Oh, come again!
Sweet birds of May, come back! come back!
I listen for your songs in vain,
The rain beats stead'ly 'gainst the pane,
Sweet birds of May, come back! come back!

GRACE HOLMES.

NO ONE can gain by a vicious action. The gain is apparent, outward; but the loss is lasting, permanent. It is parting with a part of our soul. Happy he who brings this truth home to his mind, that in any wrong he does his conscience, let it be whatsoever it may, he does himself more harm than can be done by all the outward world.

FAMILY LIFE.—Home is sometimes thought flat and dull, and too often made so, just for the want of recognizing what it stands for. The relations of life that go to form the household are the source not only of life's richest joys and most sacred memories, but also of some of the finest and noblest characteristics of man. The love, the fidelity, the forbearance, the self-sacrifice that are nourished by family life are among the richest possessions of humanity. It can never become wearisome or commonplace, save to those who fail to comprehend its mean'ng or refuse to act in harmony with it.



HAIL, SUMMER.

SUMMER, thou old familiar friend, whose face is ever new, ever young, ever fair, all hail! Though thy praises have been sung, over and over again, since Jubal piped the first notes, and will be, until man has forgotten the simplest scales and chords—yet these same praises, like our old-fashioned airs, never tire.

Do we ever tire of chaplets of wild-roses and daisies, of plummy ferns, of bees droning their organ tones among the blushing billows of clover? Do we ever tire of the jeweled wealth of berries, crimson, purple and black, half-hidden in embowering, leafy green? Do we ever tire of the drifting, invisible clouds of perfume, filling the air with their subtle sweetness? Do we ever tire of these, even though they come to us, year by year, not strange in their wondrous attractions—strange only in the miracle of their constant renewing? Then how can we tire of Summer and her praises?

Who loves thee more than the children, as they stand knee-deep in the tall, swaying grass, and blow off the light down from dandelion-globes, testing in fairy-fashion, the time of day? Yes, these healthy, happy children, love thee—but so, too, do the white-faced, feeble ones, who are content merely to lie under the spreading trees, and clasping in their transparent hands a few withered buds, drink in thy pure breezes.

But, “young men and maidens, old men,” as well as “children,” love thy flower-suggesting name. Dost thou not hint to the lover that his lady would twine glowing-hearted roses in her hair? To the snowy-crowned patriarch, that thy incense-breathing lilies would form most appropriate offerings upon

the tomb, where lie the last remains of his early beloved and lost?

Some, alas! think only of thy fevers, thy lightnings, thy droughts, and call thy rod a scourge, instead of a wand of blessing. But how often has the hard symbol of authority budded and blossomed? With thee how true it is, that when thy staff has seemed raised in chastening, it has fallen, lightly as thy dews and scattered showers of petals! No—in spite of thy occasional and apparent severity, thou art man's kindest benefactress and most generous foster-mother. But for the magic touch of thy perfecting hand, to Nature's mysterious machinery, his needs of mind and body would be many and sore.

So we will still sing thy praises—as we sing, catching a gorgeous vision of the marvelous beauties following in thy train, Summer, Queen Summer, hail!

M. B. H.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

DOWN the St. Lawrence—so far down, however, that we lose all consciousness of being on the shore of a river, and feel ourselves at that long desired resting-place, "the sea-side." Around us is spread a vast panorama of mountains, woods and hills, and from beneath us, for we are near the edge of a cliff, there rises the gentle plash of the waves as the incoming tide bears them over the rocks and stones. Across the bay on our right, we see a cluster of houses, called, by courtesy, a village, and beyond, we catch glimpses of a narrow road winding in and out, and up and up toward Quebec. The land breeze brings a fresh, spicy scent of fir woods, and pleasant shadows fall from the soft white clouds drifting idly over the blue sky.

Our boarding-place is only quarter of a mile away, a French farm-house, low-roofed, broad-windowed and yellow-painted. Therein dwelt Monsieur and Madame Routhier, their son Pierre and their daughter Eulalie. Yesterday we met them for the first time, and to-day we are well acquainted. Already have been informed that Madame was at the age of seventeen and Monsieur at that of twenty-one when they were married, and that seven sons and four daughters have blessed the union; that all have grown up, and with the exception of Pierre and Eulalie, are well married. Madame is now, I should judge, at the age of sixty or thereabout—for her brown, good-natured face is seamed with wrinkles, and the hair, smoothed back under a huge, white cap, is thickly sprinkled with gray. Her morning toilet is of the most primitive description; a straight, full skirt of dark-blue print, a loose jacket of lighter hue, and an ample checked apron tied around her by-no-means-slender waist.

The dark-eyed Eulalie affects a more modern style of dress, and her brown hair is tied back with a scarlet ribbon. She has just finished her last year at school with the good sisters of "Notre Dame des Anges," and we have been shown the highly-prized specimens of fancy work brought home from the sacred precincts. They consist of a box of perforated cardboard, with bouquets laboriously worked in cross-stitch on top and sides, a quantity of wide knitted edging for window curtains, and, that ambition of every French Canadian girl, an embroidered white petticoat. Madame confided in me that there had been a time when they had thought Eulalie would join the holy sisterhood, but it was over now.

"Would you not have been sorry?" I ventured to ask.

"If it had been the will of the good God—" a contraction of the muscles of mouth and chin, and a shrug of the shoulders finished the sentence.

All this passes through my mind as we sit on

the grassy knoll, and I wonder what kind of a nun Eulalie would make. Perhaps time and seclusion would change the laughing eyes and round, dark face to something resembling the white-faced sisters we yesterday met, walking slowly over the stony road, looking neither to the right nor left.

Our party is composed of three "lone, lorn" women, and two of us have taken the trouble of bringing needlework with us, while the third has a book, to be read aloud as our fingers work busily. But the long forenoon passes away, and book and work are alike unheeded. Each is occupied with her own thoughts, and seldom is the pleasant silence broken. Once, after drinking in a fuller draught of the sweet air, one who surely can appreciate the lines, quotes softly:

"Good-bye to pain and care! I take mine ease to-day;
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away."

In the afternoon, when the tide is out, we go down the winding path beyond the rocks and picking our way among the stones, pause under the cliff and look up. It is like a nightmare to think of being on the top and looking down. Ages ago some giant force has rent away part of the cliff and scattered it around us. How great the power, how mighty the struggle, we realize as we note the huge masses torn from the solid rock, leaving great seams and scars to darken the dull gray of the worn front. We are fascinated by the lonely grandeur of the scene. No sign of life is visible, save that in one dark rift far above us, where evidently a little soil has washed down, a few stunted aspens cling to the rough rock and shiver as they look down on the desolate shore.

Beyond the projecting rocks we find a long, narrow stretch of land, sloping gently down to the water, and the broad expanse of shingle left bare by the ebbing tide, is unmarked by rock or stone. The afternoon sun lights up the clumps of aspens and white birches that divide the cliffs from this quiet spot and the scattered cedars beyond cast long shadows in the smooth, green turf. No wonder that we linger long to watch the peaceful scene.

The short evening we pass in Madame's *salon*, now given up to our especial use and pleasure. This room is evidently the pride of Madame's heart, but a Yankee housewife would exclaim in horror at the rag-carpet covering the floor. Instead of the carefully-formed "stripe" and "fancy stripe," arranged with mathematical precision, the weaver of this carpet, with a charming disregard of all laws on the subject, has taken any convenient color from the motley array, and after having woven it all in, has proceeded with another, and so on. Consequently there are various widths of

blue, brown and gray in many shades, while on one side of the room a broad band of dark yellow is conspicuous. A few pictures, portraits of saints and Our Lady, in painted wooden frames, adorn the walls, and green paper shades, with inside curtains of white cotton, cover the windows. There are, besides, the usual number of straight-backed, uncomfortable chairs, a large sofa, a centre-table resplendent in a purple and yellow covering. Everything in this, as well as in the adjoining bed-room, is scrupulously neat and clean, and we are well pleased with our surroundings.

Madame Routhier has never before taken boarders, and she expressed much astonishment when a select committee of two waited upon her to inquire if we could be accommodated with board and lodgings for a few weeks. After a long conversation with Monsieur, and careful inquiries as to the danger of our perishing with "*ennui*," she at length agreed to take us; and for the benefit of the prosaic as well as those whose purses are not gauged by their feelings, I may state that the sum named for the benefits we are to receive was three dollars a week for each of us.

No wonder we sleep well after our long day in the open air and our supper of milk, sweet homemade bread and blueberries—such blueberries—large, smooth, a rich bloom on every one, and firm and sweet as—freshly-gathered blueberries.

In the morning we linger some time after breakfast to watch Madame make bread. What strength of purpose, as well as of bone and muscle, she puts into the firm pressure of the slowly-yielding mass as she forms it into large loaves—fourteen are ranged side by side in the bread-trough when she finishes. Then to see her, in her quaint costume, stand at the big stone oven at the end of the garden and rake the red-hot coals from its glowing depths, is like a bit of "ye olden time" set before us. We wait until the oven is ready to receive its precious contents, which Madame informs us will be when the heat will permit one to thrust one's bare arm inside the open door, and there holding it, count thirty. It is difficult to repress a smile when a little later Madame thrusts in her own well-rounded arm and begins with due moderation, un, deux, trois—speed increases till one could scarcely wish for a better example of the rapidity of articulation possible in the French language than the numbers from vingt-cinq to trente!

Meanwhile Monsieur Routhier and Pierre have gone to the upper field. Their haymaking has only just begun, and Enlalie sits in the doorway knitting a long gray stocking. Before we set out for our walk Madame cautions us that it is going to rain. We look at the deep-blue sky, with its delicate tracery of white clouds and think Madame is mistaken; but she assures us that "*le bon homme*" is afraid it will rain before they can bring down

the hay they cut yesterday. So we take our water-proofs, and long before we again reach the shelter of the farm-house, have cause to think Monsieur Routhier a good judge of the weather. It is wonderful how quickly the showers come and go among these mountains, and how the rainbow arches the distant hills.

In the afternoon it is bright and clear again, and we go down to the beach, wander about till we are tired, then find a convenient seat among the rocks, and while away the hours in quiet rest of mind and body. The day ends, and another very much like it begins, and like it passes by, and so they glide away; not slowly, not swiftly, but each one full of quiet happiness.

Once we cross the bay and climb far up the Quebec road, the hilly, stony road winding among firs and cedars and stunted pines. It is strange that the trees can obtain sufficient foothold to live at all, for it is stone and rock and rock and stone all around them. We leave the road after awhile, and after quarter of an hour's hard climbing we reach the top of another hill, where we rest; and what a scene do we look upon! All around us are mountains, some wooded to their summits, others a mass of grand old rocks, and far below us the mighty river winds on to the ocean. Doubts and questions sink into comparative insignificance in this great calm and silence; surely we are the lesser things of earth.

On the other side of the rocky hill we find a tiny spring, unshaded by shrub or tree and without so much as a blade of grass or a fern beside it. Bubbling up from its shallow bed in the solid rock, it threads its way for some yards between the scattered stones, till, with a musical tinkle, it falls over a large gray rock, below which is sufficient earth to nourish a few clumps of ferns and sheets of moss.

We met one old *habitant* in a *calèche*, and one cannot help pitying the patient horse that plods so wearily up the rough hill road. Going down, idly chatting, we stop with a sudden exclamation—What is this nearly hidden among the cedars? A heavy wooden cross, dark and worn, and on it rudely carved—

"Ici est mort
Accidentellement
le 21 juin 1835
Jean Paul Hebert
à l'âge de 23 ans."

So this quiet country road has been the scene of a tragedy, a tragedy common enough, but always full of wonder, the sudden departure of a human life. Forty-six years have passed since the young eyes closed on this fair scene—nearly half a century. Who that mourned for him then is living now? The solemn mystery of existence takes a deeper meaning, and the fast-decaying cross by the

wayside preaches one more sermon on the vanity of human hopes.

We go quietly homewards, and in the afternoon, when Madame is wont to doze over her knitting, I ask her if she knows anything of the cross far up the Quebec road. She looks up quickly, every trace of sleepiness banished from her face. Ah, yes. Well she knows about the cross: well she remembers poor Jean Paul. She herself lived the other side of the mountain in those days, and in the same range lived the Heberts.

How the old woman's eyes light up as she speaks of that long past time. "Jean Paul was brave and strong. Ah! he was handsome and he loved pretty Elmiere Girard with his whole heart—but Elmiere. Ah! Elmiere was a sad coquette and no one knew for certain that she loved Jean Paul until the day he died. She had been cross with him that day; she had refused to go with him to his cousin's wedding that was to take place the next week, and he had left her in anger. His brother was with him and they were on their way to the village, when the horse stumbled and fell. They had both been thrown from the *calèche*—the brother had not been hurt, but Jean Paul had never moved again. Ah! the sorrow of Elmiere—it was cruel—cruel—and it was a long, long time before she was herself, and yet she was never again herself, for she was never again coquette."

"What became of her afterward?" I ask, and Madame makes answer,

"She is living yet, an old woman like me."

On Sunday we go to the Parish church with Madame. The church is large and well-built, as are nearly all churches among the French Canadians. There is the usual amount of statuary, paintings and tapestries, and an unusual amount of draperies, crimson silk and white lace, for it is some saint's day. From our seat in one of the galleries, we look down upon the congregation. Every seat is filled, and bare and homely as are the every-day lives of these hard-working people, they seem fully to appreciate the "pomp and circumstance" of religion. Madame nods comfortably through the sermon, and after it is over, walks around the church-yard with us, pointing out the principal cross-covered mounds. Whether of marble or wood, all are alike in the inscription beginning, "Here rests—"

In the afternoon, all the married sons and daughters within driving distance of the old home assemble at Monsieur Routhier's, and a goodly number of children accompany them. Only one of these we notice particularly, Jean Routhier's only daughter, a thin, placid, large-eyed, fair-haired child, looking preternaturally solemn, and utterly unlike all the other Routhiers. She is the most like a skeleton of any child I ever saw, and has such an old, old face. I ask her father how old she is. He says six years, and I say in

English to my companions, "What a tiny little thing she is." Monsieur Jean has somewhere picked up a little English, and he understands and makes answer quickly, "Yes, Ma'mselle, she's little, mais she's bien smart, par exemple!"

Sundry packs of cards now make their appearance, together with "*quelque chose à boire*," as Madame calls it, and the younger members of the party engage in a game of bat and ball. All this is perfectly orthodox, for have they not been to mass this morning?

Before we go down to our favorite seat under the cliffs, the company receives another addition, in the shape of a stalwart young fellow, who is still "in law, an infant," and whose brown face lights up wonderfully at sight of Mademoiselle Eulalie. We leave them sitting on the steps at the end of the broad veranda.

"There is nothing half so sweet, etc."

In our daily walks, to and fro, we are often tempted by the glimpses we get of the convent gardens to go inside and ask to see the flowers. Madame assures us that it is quite right and proper that we should do so. So one day we find ourselves standing before the convent, a large, square building, three stories in height. We wait in the hall, having preferred our request, till two of the sisters come to us. They give us a warm welcome, and one cannot help fancying they are glad of a little break in the monotony of their lives. The garden is beautiful—great rosebushes, a wealth of tangled honeysuckle and clematis, beds of pansies and mignonette, borders of sweet peas and other common flowers, and in a sunny corner two large clumps of lilies, *lanafolium* and *longiflorum*. We express surprise at these last, as we should not have thought them hardy enough to endure the intense cold of the long winter. Sister Theresa explains that they are carefully covered with leaves and straw in the autumn, and are not uncovered till late in the spring. That they do grow and thrive we have the most positive proof. We leave the gardens, our hands full of flowers, which the sisters have cut with an unsparing hand, and are shown through the principal rooms of the convent. How pure and clean the tiny bedrooms are. The white-washed walls, the smooth, unpainted floors, the white-draped windows and the narrow beds—the large schoolroom and little girls' dormitory, too, all alike spotless. We are shown a painting just finished by one of the young lady boarders—a cross with a wreath of pansies hung over the arms, a common subject uncommonly treated. Every vein of the purple and gold petals is clearly traced, and the downward droop of a few half-closed blossoms is perfect. Marvels of old-fashioned embroidery and tapestry work are displayed before our admiring gaze, and then we find a dainty luncheon provided for us at one end of the long dining-table.

In more ways than one we feel that we are descending as we come down the great flight of steps from the convent door. We have been for a few hours surrounded with such an atmosphere of peace and purity that our daily life of struggle and enjoyment seems far below those serene heights, and yet we are all human, and even good old Jay has cautioned us to "remember that there is nature as well as grace in the best of us," and did I only fancy that I detected a stifled sigh more than once from Sister Louise? Once, I am sure, I heard her murmur, when looking at the youngest of our party, the bright-faced Adelaide, "*Si jeune—si heureuse.*"

One day Madame gives me a signal proof of her favor. She is going to visit her eldest daughter, who lives ten miles down the river, and invites me to accompany her. Monsieur and Pierre have not yet finished the haymaking—it is slow work, for scarcely a day passes without a dash of rain—but they can spare a horse to-day, and after the early breakfast we find the *calèche* and the little iron-gray pony before the door. Madame is resplendent in a dotted muslin cap, with frills half as wide again as are those she usually wears, and her skirt and her jacket are alike. The first half-mile lies away from the river, in the direction of the fir woods. The sweet, spicy smell grows stronger, and presently we come to a wet, springy bit of road, on either side of which cedars and tamaracks flourish. Then up more hills, another rocky stretch, and we are in the woods—the delicious woods. The narrow road winds in and out among the trees. Sometimes the shade is so dense that not a ray of sunlight falls upon us, and again we come into partially open places, where wayside vines and weeds, clumps of ferns and such mosses as I have never before seen, are transfigured by the sunbeams resting upon them, turning the myriad reminders of last night's shower into crowns of diamonds. It is impossible to describe the beauty of these little spots. Nature is here compensating for the stones, rocks and general desolateness of some of her works around us, and it is a royal compensation.

When at length we leave the woods, I involuntarily utter a cry of delight. Far below us is a broad, green valley, shut in on three sides by the hills, and on the fourth open to the river—though it seems absurd to speak of that mighty stretch of tossing waves, beyond which we can see no "farther shore," as a river. We can plainly see a glittering stream come tumbling out of some dark recess in the woods beyond us, and hurry down to the beach, leaving numerous tiny waterfalls and miniature rapids to mark its descent. On either side of it are scattered a few small houses, and on the slope beyond are two or three more. The hill pastures just below us are dotted with sheep, and a noticeable feature in the landscape is

a large cone of earth, surmounted by a clump of firs, just at the foot of the hill. This last, Madame gravely informs me, was thrown up by the earthquake, but is silent as to the date thereof.

Part of the valley is in shadow, for the sun is not yet high enough above the blue mountains opposite us to light up every part, and the tattered remnants of the fog curtains are stretched across the intervening hills.

Madame tells me that it is three miles from the top of the hill down to the bridge across the little stream; not as the crow flies, but as the road winds. The descent is a perpetual surprise to me. We creep along for a while in the thick woods, then out to the edge again, whence we obtain, if possible, a more beautiful view of the valley and the dark blue water beyond; then, down a steep hill and into the woods again, and so on till we reach the little brawling stream, clear as crystal; then we follow its winding course till we reach the bridge. By this time, I have decided that whatever may be the advantages of a *calèche* (and I have failed to discover what they are) it is not a pleasant vehicle to ride down hill.

Our destination is soon reached, for the sober brown house before which Madame draws rein is not more than quarter of a mile beyond the river.

Eight grandchildren of various ages and sizes gather around Madame and look with curious eyes at "*La Mademoiselle Anglaise,*" as I hear them call me. Madame Fournier is a second, and not improved, edition of Madame Routhier, and Monsieur Fournier is that curious anomaly, a fair-haired, red-bearded Frenchman. By and by, the eldest girl offers to accompany me down to the beach, and we set off together, Esther doing her best to entertain the stranger. When we reach the long sandy stretch bordering this valley, we turn and look up. Which is more beautiful, the scene from the beach, looking up, or from the top of the hill, looking down? It is impossible to tell. The sun is now so high in the blue heavens that every part of the valley basks in the strong glare, and I begin to understand how it is possible, with the short season and so much rain, to raise crops of grain and secure the hay. Sheltered from the sea-breeze, as we climb the long slope to Monsieur Fournier's, for the first time during my residence at Montmer, I long for a little shade.

It is late in the afternoon when we say adieu to the pleasant family, and so toilsome is our homeward journey that when we reach the top of the hill, the valley is again in shadow, and the last rays of the setting sun for a moment tinge the tops of the firs. It is dark long before we reach home, the soft thick darkness of a moonless, starless, summer night; for the clouds have long been gathering, and a heavy pall is slowly stretched from west to east.

Madame assures me that we have no cause for fear, calmly loosens the reins, and says the horse will soon find his way home. And so he does, but it is with a sigh of relief that I step down from the *calèche*, for it is my first experience of driving when we are propelled by an invisible power, not having seen the shadowy outline of the horse for the last half hour.

Before we have finished the supper Eulalie has prepared for us the dull boom of thunder mingles with the rising wind, and an hour later we are in the midst of "the great storm." The wind shrieks and moans like a living thing as it whirls around the house, driving the rain in great sheets against the windows, and shaking the stout timbers to the very foundation. Sometimes, above the fury of the wind, and sometimes, as a low, deep undertone, fearful in its intensity, we hear the sound of the waves breaking against the cliffs. Over our heads, the powers of the heavens seem to have met in mortal conflict. At every reverberation of the thunder we feel the house tremble, and as for the lightning, no words can describe it. Eulalie shrieks aloud as blinding glare and deafening crash follow each other in quick succession, and Madame and Monsieur tell their beads with redoubled energy. All their faces look pale and horror-stricken in the ghastly light. Madame frequently dips her finger in the bottle of "holy water," then reverently crossing herself, hands it to Eulalie who follows her example, as do also Monsieur and Pierre. Silent and trembling, my companions and I crouch down together. Usually very much frightened in a thunder-storm, this time I wonder vaguely why I am not afraid. With a strange fascination, I turn my face toward the window, and watch the unearthly glare light up the distant woods and mountains, and the zig-zag flames quiver among the clouds. To use the word so often lightly taken upon our lips, the scene is too awful for fear. Hours pass and it is not till after the twelve solemn strokes have sounded the knell of another day, that the fury of the storm begins to abate. It is two o'clock when we leave the kitchen, and before doing so, on bended knees, Madame gives thanks to "Le Bon Dieu," who has preserved our lives. The last sound that falls upon our ears is the roll of thunder, muffled by the distance, and worn out by fatigue and excitement we sleep soundly.

The sun is high in the heavens when we awake next morning, and the last folds of the fog mantle are lifting from the hilltops. All around us are tokens of the fury of last night's fray and down on the beach the heaps of driftwood far up on the green sward show the work of wind and wave. Monsieur assures us that but once in his remembrance has there been such a storm; and as days go by from all parts of the country we heard of ruin wrought.

Time passes more swiftly now, and one week

slips into another with astonishing facility, for our pleasant holidays are drawing to a close. Now the haymaking is over, a faint yellowish tinge appears on the bearded grain and Monsieur's last newspaper bears date of August 20th. The only literature in which Monsieur indulges is this one weekly newspaper, and it is a curious fact that I have never yet seen Madame or Eulalie with the paper in their hands. When not engaged in household tasks they are plaiting straw or knitting long, gray stockings, usually the latter, for Madame tells me the supply of old straw is nearly gone, but that very soon they will have plenty of new. During our long stay we have not seen one beggar, and that the tramp problem vexes not the souls of the peaceful *habitants* is evident from the fact that with unbolted doors they sleep securely.

Our last expedition is to the Indian camp, some miles up the Quebec road. Eulalie accompanies us, and we go "*en charrette*." A lot of straw thrown into the bottom of the hay-cart and covered with a piece of rag-carpeting in a measure compensates for the lack of springs, and the romantic beauty of the Indian camp ought to compensate for a good many of the minor ills of life. It is situated under the shadow of great rocks that curve away from the widening river, and dispute possession with the old forest trees for the right to abide on the side of the mountain. The rough tents are covered with great sheets of birch bark, and two or three men are busy making tiny bark canoes. Several women are making baskets, and quantities of children and dogs regard us curiously. In the largest tent I see an old, old woman, blind and deaf, her daughter tells me. She lies there on her hard bed all through the long days, unheeding, and I fear unheeded. Her gray hair has been cut off close to the seamed and wrinkled face, and presents a striking contrast to its dusky hue. Above her a gorgeously-colored picture of the Holy Mother keeps watch and ward.

We purchase our little white work-baskets of the old woman's granddaughter, an Indian beauty, with eyes so black that we can compare them with nothing but the heavy masses of her hair; and forehead, mouth and chin so perfect that the high cheekbones can only mar the exquisite contour. Her teeth are white and even, and we cannot help noting the extreme beauty of her small, dark hands. Does she ever think of a coming day, when she may be like the gaunt old figure lying within the tent? Ah, me! That such a day should come to any of us!

This evening is memorable from the fact that on it I see the most beautiful sunset I have ever seen, and Ruskin's caution is in my mind as I write. Of course I cannot describe it. Who could describe a sunset that makes a river of molten silver wind between shores of living green and lays broad bands and bars of crimson and gold across

the distant mountains, and spreads a curtain of soft, purple light over the mighty arch above us? My mind goes back to the old childish days, when a beautiful sunset was to me a type of the city paved with gold, and when I firmly believed that the crimson clouds low down in the west were "glimpses within the veil."

At length the day dawns upon which we are to leave our pleasant boarding-place and ride over the hills to one of the stopping-places of the Saguenay steamers. Pierre takes our trunks in the cart and we are intrusted with the gray pony and *calèche*. Monsieur assures us there will be no necessity for driving, for the little gray will follow Pierre and the other horse "to the end of the world." The family assemble on the veranda, Madame carefully holding the little basket of seed cakes, her parting gift, and talking incessantly, as is her wont. Finally all is ready. Pierre starts down the hill and the little gray shows signs of his willingness to follow. Madame clasps our hands and kisses both cheeks in true French fashion, and with warm adieus from all we turn away, Madame's pleasant face smiling upon us to the last, and her hearty "Dieu vous garde" ringing in our ears.

C. M. ARNOLD.

BLUNDERS OF THE TELEGRAPH.—Before the telegraph operators became as expert as at present, ludicrous blunders were of frequent occurrence, from the necessary ambiguity in transmitting one letter at a time. An American manager of a telegraph company relates the following as having occurred upon the line between Boston and New York. A gentleman sent a dispatch requesting parties in New York to forward sample forks by express. When the message was delivered it read thus: "Forward sample for K. S." Of course the gentleman went to the office and complained that the dispatch had been transmitted incorrectly, and the operator promised to repeat it. Accordingly he telegraphed the New York operator that the dispatch should have read, "Forward sample forks." The New York operator having read it wrong in the first instance, could not decipher it differently now. He replied that he did read it, "Sample for K. S.," and so delivered it. "But," returned the Boston operator, "I did not say for K. S., but f-o-r-k-s." "What a stupid fellow that is in Boston!" exclaimed the New York operator; "he says he didn't say for K. S., but for K. S." The Boston operator tried for an hour to make the New York operator read it forks; but not succeeding, he wrote the dispatch upon a slip of paper and forwarded it by mail; and it remained a standing joke upon the line for many months afterwards.

By holding a very little misery quite close to our eyes we entirely lose sight of a great deal of comfort beyond which might be taken.

A QUEER, QUAIN'T PEOPLE.

PART III.

"Sabbath sounds

As of doves in quiet neighborhoods,"

we thought, as we looked out on the peaceful land of Zoar on the morning of the day of rest. Everything seemed harmonious. When the bell rang we went up the hill to the church. It was a stately edifice on the right. The larches grew close to the walls, and the pines bordered the smooth walks. At the door we hesitated a moment. What if we entered on the men's side? What if there was some *hocus-pocus* to be performed before we could be admitted? We listened. There was a mumbling sound of a man's voice within—it seemed as if he was talking down through the roof. We said, "When you are among the Romans, do as the Romans do," and very gently we opened the door. Luck! it was on the women's side of the church! We hesitated. Everything was so unlike any service we had ever attended that for a moment we stood like gawkies, looking to the right and to the left. The virtuous men never looked up, though the genial-faced old trustee who bowed to us daily, was near us on the front seat. We felt like intruders, until an elderly lady snapped her head a sudden jerk toward a vacant seat. It was in front and near the pulpit. The service consisted of reading and singing, all in the German tongue, accompanied by sweet music from a splendid pipe organ. The music was like a chant, a rising and falling and swelling of sweet sounds, in which the many voices mingled in perfect harmony—chorals old as Martin Luther. There were no prayers. They have no baptisms nor sacraments. The sermon which was read did not arouse interest nor a sign of enthusiasm. The afternoon exercises—when they have any second service—consists of catechising from a German work for biblical instruction. The house was plain inside, and carpeted with dark, home-made blue and black rag carpet, the seats uncushioned, and tallow candles are used instead of chandeliers at night.

When the service was over, without any intimation that it had concluded, the women started in pairs for their door in clattering haste. They glanced not to the right nor the left, but flitted off with tripping paces. They looked like a brigade in uniform. They all wore well-kept Shaker bonnets, calico dresses, made plain, after the fashion of half a hundred years ago, new or starched aprons of all colors, from black all the way down to white; long, coquettish ties sailed out behind like narrow streamers, from their aprons, which seemed to be the only offshoot of womanly pride we saw among them. Occasionally we did see a pair of glistening morocco shoes, which the wearer looked at lovingly herself.

While the women were passing out, the men sang a little "too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo" song, a little rambling, harmless, dreamy ditty of pretty noises, which we afterward, in our nice room at the hotel translated, as we discussed a panful of delicious wine saps, to mean, "S-w-e-e-t s-i-a-t-e-r-s, g-o-i-n-p-e-a-c-e, p-e-a-c-e."

We started to follow after the sisters as soon as they were all out of the church-doors, when presto! the brethren, they come! they come! They crowded, they jostled, they rushed. They touched not their hats even apologetically, but followed hard after the down-hill brigade. We stepped aside decorously and let the troop file by in very unsaintly haste.

It was funny, such a scene among the stolid, grave-faced Separatists, and we could have laughed at the ludicrousness of the proceeding with a will, but as we two, away behind, like sturdy drovers, went down the pretty slope, we behaved decorously, only saying softly, one to the other, "Did you ever? No, I never!"

One morning, after an early breakfast, we went to the old burying-ground. It was away outside the village, on the edge of the highland overlooking the wide river valley. The Tuscarawas River valley is perfectly beautiful. It is lacking in nothing. It lies waiting for the pencil of the artist. The finest view we ever had was from that spot, where the "human harvest" is planted. We sat on the soft green sward and tried to "look our fill," to be satisfied ere we turned away from "God's Acre."

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's Acre. It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust."

For many, many years graves were made there, and the ground leveled, and left entirely unmarked. It was the approved custom in the community. After a lapse of time a sorrowing daughter ventured to plant a rose at the smooth grave of a beloved father; then a young mother in her grief sowed the grave of her baby thickly over with forget-me-nots. The trustees said nothing about vanity, or vain glory, and then some one raised the sod of a dear little grave and set thereon tufts of pinks and marigolds and starry asters. Slowly were graves marked here and there, first with a white board, then a little shaft of rudely-shaped sandstone, and now one side of the consecrated spot is filled with graves that have tombstones of clouded and snow-white marble. Beautiful flowers cover some of the graves, and that fine æsthetic taste which the Germans display among their flowers delights the visitor to the Zoar cemetery. The old strange German names were so unlike ours. We jotted down some of them, those that were most carefully tended:

"Heinrich Zellman; aged 90 years."

"Wilhelmina Huber; born 1794; died 1876."

"Maria Ursula Birk; geboren den 17 Juli, 1791; gestorben den 6 April, 1877."

"Johannes Gurg Kucherer; geboren den 1 Januar, 1811; gestorben den 7 Merz, 1857."

In a corner, wreathed in myrtle and ivy, and starred with dazzling pinks, was a baby's grave:

"Katrina Barbara Lessing; aged 2 years."

A near was the grave of an old man, and the ivy from the stone wall had reached down and spread over the silent spot like drapery thrown gracefully over a bed; we raised it with our parasol and read the name of Christian Gottlieb Sifer Kappell.

The names of Breymeier, Fritz, Ludwig, Boll, Ruffe were among the old names of those who crossed the Atlantic and lived in the New World long enough to see the fruits of their labor; to see the wilderness blossom as the rose, and to see success the result of their daring enterprise.

We dreamed a little over one grave. It was so pretty, so laden with flowers:

"With the loveliest flowers that grow;

Pinks from the edge of the garden walk;

Fair queen-lilies—seven to the stalk,

Round and smooth as a lady's throat;

Roses, reddest that blow;

Drenched to the heart with sweet June wines

There were purple pansies and columbines;

Pied petunias and shy sweet peas,

Lost in a tangle of gadding stems;

Soft balsams fretted with feet of bees,

And foxgloves yellow with crimson hems;

White clematis as soft as wool,

And a bunch of kissed violets,

They were the last."

The white, little marble that rose out of this wealth of dewy flowers, bore the simple, yet touching inscription, "Sabina Straub; aged 17 years."

It was pleasant to find in this quiet place, hedged in by cedars, the old names of some of the German poets: Krummacher, Korner, Ludwig Uhland, Heinrich Heine, Werner, Lessing and other familiar names. We were glad to know that this people, a poor little wandering colony from far-away Wurtemberg, had the best of good, old German blood in their veins. That was something to be proud of. The author of *Leier und Schwert* (Lyre and Sword), stirred his countrymen mightily. He was a patriot and a poet and the name of Theodor Korner will never die while the impassioned nationality of his poems is recognized everywhere.

Gotthold Lessing is one of the greatest names in German literature. His aim was to reinvigorate the national thought and taste, and the splendid outburst of national genius that followed was in a great measure the result of his labors.

Every schoolboy has read that sweet little poem of Krummacher's, "The Moss Rose," and the name of Heine is beloved wherever is known and read his pleasant little song, "The Fisher's Cot-

tage," and the wild, weird, beautiful "Water-Fay," with its ringing, mournful,

"The wind to the waves is calling,
The moonlight is fading away;
And tears down thy cheek are falling,
Thou beautiful water-fay."

We loitered in and about the cemetery until the great bell at the Wirthshaus rang for dinner. The landscape view from the brow of the hill was splendid. We enjoyed it greatly. Our steps were laggard and reluctant when we looked our last upon the peaceful spot, the resting place of the brave old pioneers of the Community. The interlacing ivy vines ran up and down the fence, hanging gay festoons and swinging wreaths on the ends of the slanting stakes. A row of cedars borders one side of the winding road all the way from the cemetery back to the great garden in the centre of Zoar.

The Ohio canal runs through the river valley and lies like a silver cord winding through the rich bottom lands. The boats glide quietly by between grassy banks, and the boatman's horn sends an echoing song that reverberates among the Tuscarawa's hill tops.

It was a pleasant walk of two miles out to the Sulphur Spring. The water is medicinal and makes one cringe and shudder in the effort to swallow it with an attempt at satisfaction.

In digging out a large cellar a few years ago in Zoar, bones were found in abundance. They were supposed to belong to the pre-historic race. Some of them were in a tolerable state of preservation, others crumbled to dust.

The young people of the Community need recreation. We were sorry for them. One evening a little party of them gathered at the hotel, and the two sitting-rooms were thrown open, and judging from the laughter and noise they were playing like a noisy lot of small children. They whooped and ran, and pushed chairs, and had as much fun as boys and girls playing black-man on the green behind the country school-house.

We were in the rooms in the morning before Jacobina came around with her broom and duster, and of the two settees and twenty chairs hardly one was straight enough to sit down in. They'd had a jolly time, poor dears, and we were glad of it: so glad of it!

On Sabbath evening a knot of laddies were gathered in front of the store. We could see them from the folds in the curtain at our window, and though we too laughed a little at their feeble antics it was a laugh brimming with good-will and pity and sisterly affection.

They all had on their "Sabber'day clo'es," but they were careful of them. That dear old dead Bimelar under the clover in the cemetery had taught them how to save and make the most of

good things. How they played! How they did amuse us, unwittingly! They jumped over a broom-stick, all of them, and if a fellow caught his toe and fell sprawling the boys laughed just like other boys outside the charmed Community. Then they jumped the railing; and hopped and skipped, and jumped backward and forward over a stick held in their own hands. We thought of the possibilities that might be waiting the coming of these boys! The treasures that might be waiting their acceptance; the day, holding perhaps for some of them the bitter truth revealed too late:

"It might have been."

Community life is steady, monotonous toil that needs change. When we talked to the girls about a literary society to meet once a week in the school-house, something in which they could all take a part, they looked at us with a far-away, dreamy expression and said, "Shu! so—so; y-a-a-s, better so; better noding;" and then Wilhelmina, whom her mother called "Weelhelmeeny," reached over cautiously and took up a pinch of our dress and felt of it with ten times more of interest than she had manifested in the subject before her.

They are a simple-minded, artless people, not much acquainted with the outer world and the great questions, moral and political, which agitate it.

Their morality is scarcely equaled; never has a member been convicted of going counter to judicial regulations of the land. It was a long time before they could be induced to give up their clumsy farming implements for ours. They held to the old German scythe, unwieldy as a brush-hook, their hoes heavy as mattocks, and their rude sickles, long enough after the cheering song of the reaper was heard in the golden fields all over our land.

Passing a carriage-house we saw therein the dusty, cobwebby old "King's coach" that he brought over from Wurtemberg. Of course we had to "play ride" in it, who would not? It had old, worn steps and curtains, and a broad, restful, cozy seat and the gay gilding was barely visible. The springs were good yet, and as we tossed in it, and chirked, and made believe we were riding and driving a poky, wide-backed, easy-going horse, it cast no insinuation on the olden times when the blessed old man—now a saint—occupied the same seat and went about doing good.

Long ago the Zoarites had not many weddings among them. They could not afford it. Times were too hard. They had mouths enough to feed. But now they marry when they fall in love, and they bring up their children lovingly. Some of the dear little rogues were like quails, and we ran them down in the long halls at the hotel, and in

the streets, just to taste their kisses and compare them with the baby-kisses at home. We both pronounced them the same kind. Who wouldn't catch a baby for fun when it was dressed like its grandfather in baggy trousers with home-knit suspenders crossed on the back; or like its grandmother in a long dress full skirt, plain waist and a kerchief about its neck?

The wide lane—between old apple-trees—leads down to the bridge and the mill that spans the river, and here lie boats with light oars ready for use. In one of them, poetically named "Tuscarora," we enjoyed a ride down the stream. The banks were beautiful, and the sweet smell of the autumn woodlands filled the air. The recollection of that ride is pleasant. We recall it, and remember

"The lapping of the lowland stream
On dripping boughs;
The sound of grazing from a herd
Of gentle cows—
The echo from a wooded hill
Of cuckoo's call,—
The quiver through the meadow grass
At evening fall."

We cannot help wondering what will be the future of this quaint German Community. And yet it is not hard to foresee. A railroad is in progress of building that will unite them to the world. Ere long its throbbing pulses will be felt at Zoar. The glitter of the engine will cast its shine upon the great windows of the church on the hill, and the rushing trains will jar the peaceful graves of their dead, and people will walk the wide street in the little village and curl their lips "half in pity, half in scorn," over the cumbersome tiled roofs and old fashions and sacred customs of this united colony which was once a poor handful of strange seed sown in perit and with misgivings and sorrow in the New World across the vast Atlantic.

The Community gave generously to secure the location of the railroad near them. The changes that follow its advent will be marked in more ways than one.

As we drove out of the village on our way homeward to the nearest station, we looked back upon this beautiful resting-place, and our thoughts went out in blessing upon these honest, simple, kind people. The valley lay in its pastoral loveliness under the gold of the afternoon sunshine:

"While faintly from the distant hills,
Came tinkling bells and low of cattle."

The spirit of Martin Luther had an abiding-place in the hearts of these brave old pioneers, who had been willing to forego their homes and their vine-clad hills and seek quiet in which to worship God after the dictates of their own hearts.

They have been blest. Prosperity has crowned them after patient waiting and unfaltering trust, and truly have

"Golden harvests followed quiet tillage
Above a peaceful soil."

No wonder the old men grew stronger and the women more content, or that peace brooded over them and plenty smiled down them, for their trust was in Him, the fountain that never faileth, and the world-wide song of Martin Luther, like heavenly inspiration, filled to complete fullness their souls, for they had learned that

EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.
PIPSEY POTTS.

NERO.

AFTER the burning of Rome, says a writer in the *London Quarterly*, Nero gratified his taste, in entire disregard of the proprietors, in rebuilding it. He at once appropriated a number of the sites and a large portion of the public grounds for his new palace. The porticoes, with their ranks of columns, were a mile long. The vestibule was large enough to contain that colossal statue of him, in silver and gold, one hundred and twenty feet high, from which the Colosseum got its name. The interior was gilded throughout and adorned with ivory and mother-of-pearl. The ceilings of the dining-rooms were formed of movable tablets of ivory which shed flowers and perfumes on the company; the principal *salon* had a dome which, turning day and night, imitated the movements of the celestial bodies. When this palace was finished, he exclaimed, "At last I am lodged like a man!" His diadem was valued at half a million. His dresses, which he never wore twice, were stiff with embroidery and gold. He fished with purple lines and hooks of gold. He never traveled with less than a thousand carriages. The mules were shod with silver, the muleteers clothed with the finest wool, and the attendants wore bracelets and necklaces of gold. Five hundred she-asses followed his wife Poppæa in her progresses, to supply milk for her bath. He was fond of figuring in the circus as a charioteer and in the theatre as a singer and actor. He prided himself on being an artist; and, when his possible deposition was hinted to him, he said that artists could never be in want. There was not a vice to which he was not given, nor a crime which he did not commit. Yet the world, exclaims Suetonius, endured this monster for fourteen years, and he was popular with the multitude, who were dazzled by his magnificence and mistook his senseless profusion for liberality. On the anniversary of his death, during many years, they crowded to cover his tomb with flowers.

ALMOND-BLOOM.

"Blossom of the almond-trees,
April's gift to April's bees;
Birthday ornament of spring
Flora's fairest daughterling."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE almond-tree flourishes in both hemispheres, in the latitudes of Persia and Asia Minor, and along the coast slopes of California. A relative of the rose family in form and tint; its pedigree may be further traced to peach, plum and cherry-bloom, though differing far from these in fruitage.

But this tree little serves the purpose of a flower sketch. It is of the dwarf variety, commonly known as "Flowering Almond," in which we and the April bees are interested.

"Ah! when winter winds are swinging
All thy red bells into ringing,
With a bee in every bell,
Almond-bloom we greet thee well."

Herald of the king-cup and violet, hardier than garden hyacinth, it is first to dare retreating winter or bid the tardy spring good cheer. A fresh spray of almond-blossom gathered this sunny morning is the inspiration of my theme. Fresh, pink, suggestive—holding the promise of summer in its myriad petals. It has been christened, "indiscretion," "thoughtlessness," by the sentimentalists, but if all early bloom feared to face the frost the result would be a flowerless spring, a most unwelcome anomaly.

With nations of the east the almond has a different, more appropriate signification. It is the symbol of hope because it blooms upon bare branches, the boughs of the almond-tree. In allegorical song it is thus defined by Moore:

"The dream of a future happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower
That blooms on a leafless bough."

In these Oriental climes, the tree flourishes in wondrous perfection. It grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and from one end of the young branches to the other, crowded thickly as flowers can grow; not a leaf visible; only swords of pinkish flame pointing skyward lighting the landscape with their loveliness. It is thus characterized by Spenser:

"Like to an almond-tree, mounted high
On top of green Selino's all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one,
At every little breath that under heaven is blown."

The abundance of blossoms on this tree is said to be nature's promise of a fruitful season; if it blooms but scantily, such will the fruit-harvest of all trees be; if lavishly, then will Pomona be smiling and gracious, the condescending guardian

and goddess of fruits and orchards. "The ancient fabulists, who had some beautiful legend to account for all the phenomena of nature, ascribe the origin of the almond-tree to Phillis, a young and beautiful Thracian queen, who became enamored of and wedded Demophoon, the son of Theseus and Phædra, and who, on his return from the siege of Troy, had been cast by a storm upon the shores of Thrace. Recalled to Athens by his father's death, the royal consort promised to return in a month, but failing to do so, the afflicted bride gradually lost all hopes of seeing him again, and, after several unfruitful visits to the sea-shore, died of grief and was transformed into an almond-tree. After three months' absence, the truant husband returned, and, overwhelmed with sorrow, offered a sacrifice by the sea-shore to appease the manes of his luckless bride. Loving, even in death, she appeared to respond to his repentance; for the almond-tree into which she was metamorphosed, immediately put forth flowers, as if to prove by one last effort the unchangeableness of her affection."

MRS. C. I. BAKER.

THE WIFE OF CARLYLE.

MR. FROUDE defends Mrs. Carlyle nobly, and proves that she has been more sinned against than sinning. Mrs. Oliphant was the first to take up this line, and now it seems as if poor Jane Carlyle would get justice done her. Mr. Froude does not deny that she had a temper. She had a pretty bad one of her own, but it did not show itself when most severely tried. She was fond of saying sharp things, but there was a good deal of humor in her sharpness which, after all, sounded worse than was intended. She was extremely clever and it is always a temptation for a clever woman to say sharp things, even at the expense of wounding the less brilliant. In Carlyle his wife had as much as she could well manage. He was very selfish, practically, but it was the selfishness of a man who believed that everything should be sacrificed for a worthy object, and he offered himself as readily as his wife on the altar.

"Jane Baillie Welsh," says Mr. Froude, "was an only child and was born in 1801. In her earliest years she showed that she was a girl of no common quality. She had black hair, large black eyes shining with soft mockery, pale complexion, broad forehead, nose not regularly formed, but mocking also like the eyes, figure slight, airy and perfectly graceful. She was called beautiful, and beautiful she was even to the end of her life, if a face be beautiful which to look at is to admire. But beauty was only the second thought which her appearance suggested; the first was intellectual vivacity. Precious as she was to parents who had no other child, she was brought up with exceptional care." She learned Latin with the

boys at school, and when Carlyle came into the family he taught her German, and together they read Goethe and Schiller. Besides this she had learned the usual young ladies' accomplishments, music, drawing and the modern languages. It is not surprising that she should have fascinated two such men as Irving and Carlyle. When Miss Welsh saw that Carlyle was looking at her with serious intentions, she only laughed. The thing was so absurd. When he wrote to her she replied :

"My friend, I love you. I repeat it, though I find the expression a rash one. All the best feelings of my nature are concerned in loving you. But were you my brother I should love you the same. No. Your friend I will be, your truest, honest, most devoted friend, while I breathe the breath of life. But your wife, never. Never, not though you were as rich as Croesus, as honored and renowned as you yet shall be."

Miss Welsh was an heiress, having inherited her father's property, but she executed an instrument by which she transferred the whole of her property to her mother during Mrs. Welsh's life. By another she left it to Carlyle after her own and her mother's death. "It was a generous act," says Mr. Froude, "which showed how far she had seen into his character and the future which lay before him if he could have leisure to do justice to his talents. But it would have been happier for her and for him if she could have seen a little further and had persevered in her refusal to add her person to her fortune."

But in course of time she granted his request and became Mrs. Carlyle. After forty years of married life her advice to her young friends was, "My dears, never marry a man of genius."

Of the married life of Carlyle and Jane Welsh, Mr. Froude says, "Regrets and speculations on 'might have beens' of life are proverbially vain. Nor is it certain that there is anything to regret. The married life of Carlyle and Jane Welsh was not happy in the roseate sense of happiness. In the fret and chafe of daily life the sharp edges of the facets of two diamonds remain keen, and they never wear into surfaces which harmoniously correspond. A man and a woman of exceptional originality and genius are proper mates for one another only if they have some other object before them besides happiness and are content to do without it. For the forty years which these two extraordinary persons lived together, their essential conduct to the world and to each other was sternly upright. They had to encounter poverty in its most threatening aspect—poverty which they might at any moment have escaped if Carlyle would have sacrificed his intellectual integrity, would have carried his talents to the market and written down to the level of the multitude. If he ever flagged it was his wife who spurred him on; nor would she ever

allow him to do less than his very best. She never flattered any one, least of all her husband; and when she saw cause for, it the sarcasms flashed out from her as the sparks fly from lacerated steel. Carlyle, on his side, did not find in his marriage the miraculous transformation of nature which he had promised himself. He remained lonely and dyspeptic, possessed by thoughts and convictions which struggled in him for utterance, and which could be fused and cast into form only (as I have heard him say) when his whole mind was like a furnace at white heat. The work which he has done is before the world, and the world has long acknowledged what it owes to him. It would not have been done as well, perhaps it would never have been done at all, if he had not had a woman at his side who would bear, without resenting it, the outbreaks of his dyspeptic humor, and would shield him from the petty troubles of a poor man's life—from vexations which would have irritated him to madness—by her own incessant toil.

"The victory was won, but as of old in Aulis, not without a victim. Miss Welsh had looked forward to being Carlyle's intellectual companion, to sharing his thoughts and helping him with his writings. She was not overrating his natural powers when she felt being equal to such a position and deserving it. The reality was not like the dream. Poor as they were, she had to work as a menial servant. She, who had never known a wish ungratified for any object which money could buy; she, who had seen the rich of the land at her feet, and might have chosen among them at pleasure, with a weak frame withal, which had never recovered the shock of her father's death—she after all was obliged to slave like the wife of her husband's friend Wightman, the hedger, and cook and wash and scour and mend shoes and clothes for many a weary year. Bravely she went through it all, and she would have gone through it cheerfully if she had been rewarded with ordinary gratitude. But if things were rightly, Carlyle did not inquire who did them. Partly he was occupied, partly he was naturally undemonstrative, and partly she in generosity concealed from him the worst which she had to bear. The hardest part of all was that he did not see that there was occasion for any special acknowledgment. Poor men's wives had to work. She was a poor man's wife, and it was fit and natural that she should work. He had seen his mother and his sisters doing the drudgery of his father's household without expecting to be admired for doing it. Mrs. Carlyle's life was entirely lonely, save so far as she had other friends. He consulted her judgment about his writings, for he knew the value of it; but in his conceptions and elaboration he chose to be always by himself. He said truly, that he was a Bedouin. When he was at work he could bear no one in the room;

and at least through middle life he walked and rode alone, not choosing to have his thoughts interrupted. The slightest noise or movement at night shattered his nervous system; therefore he required a bedroom to himself. Thus, from the first, she saw little of him, and as time went on, less and less; and she, too, was human and irritable. Carlyle proved as his mother had known him, ill to live with. Generous and kind as he was at heart, and as he always showed himself when he had leisure to reflect, 'The devil,' as he had said, 'continued to speak out of him in distempered sentences,' and the bitter arrow was occasionally shot back."

THE STORY OF A PANSY.

A PURPLE pansy opened its golden heart to the sun, one bright June morning, in a small flower-bed in front of a neat-looking cottage.

It nodded to the other flowers and grasses around it, and rejoiced in the fresh breezes that blew over, and the sunshine which made the dew-drops on its leaves sparkle like gems. But as the sun mounted higher, his hot rays beamed down upon the little flower, drinking up all the dew, and the poor pansy wondered if it would not soon be parched to death; for there was no friendly shade close at hand, like that which sheltered the violets and lilies of the valley in the opposite border. She thought it would be hard to die, after so few short hours of life, and before she had given pleasure to any one.

Just then the door of the cottage opened, and a young girl, looking fresh and sweet in her neat morning dress, came down the walk and stopped before the border. She soon espied the newly-opened flower, the first one of the season, and bent eagerly down to pluck it. "It will give more pleasure in the house, where all will see it, than it can here," she said.

The little pansy shivered when it felt its slender stem broken, but was reassured on finding itself nestled with a cluster of geranium leaves, in a little vase filled with cool water.

The young girl carried it first to the dining-room to be admired by her mother and little sister, busy there about their household duties; then set it on her work-table, and took up her sewing. "Pansies are for thoughts," she said, "and I will try to have none but pleasant thoughts this morning, while I have this to look at."

It was not always an easy thing to do so, for there was plenty of care to cloud many an hour of Jennie Mayne's life. Summer was coming on, bringing the dull season when she could not hope to get much more sewing. Little Miss Meek's board was not a very large income, and household-rent would soon be due, and the money for Gracie's

schooling. They must try to get another boarder for the summer, if possible. She could give up her room, and share her mother's very well, for awhile, though it cost her a pang whenever she thought of resigning the dear little nook which her father's loving care had fitted up so prettily for her comfort and pleasure, only the year before he was called away from them, and it would be hard to see a stranger occupying it.

Thoughts of all these things had filled her mind much of the time during the past few days, studying and planning over what had best be done, and talking it over with her mother, who had no gift for managing or devising ways and means. But now she put them all aside, and as she looked at the bright monitor before her, it reminded her of the pansies that bloomed in her aunt's garden, where she visited last summer. That delightful visit was always a source of sweet retrospection. She never tired of thinking over its pleasures. There were few holidays in her busy life, and this had been one of almost unalloyed enjoyment. Her aunt had no daughters, but she found a companion and friend in a girl of her own age near by, and a warm attachment sprang up between them during the three weeks of her stay. Her own nature was ardent, and Bessie was bright and impulsive, and although possessed of no real beauty except her dark-brown eyes, had an indescribable charm about her face and manner that soon won the heart. She was full of vivacity and mischief, and her laugh bubbled forth like music, low and sweet, but full of merriment. Yet underneath the gayety was a warm heart, containing deep feelings and noble qualities. Living just on the outskirts of the little village, it was almost the same as being in the country, and together they walked through shady lanes, where sweet-brier and alder grew in profusion, and gathered ferns and lichens to carry home for ornamental work. Only half a mile distant was a broad strip of woods, and in its sheltered depths they found what they called their fern-parlor—such myriads of tall, graceful ones clustered on either side of a large log, which had once been the sturdy trunk of a majestic tree. Here they would occasionally come and sit, on a warm afternoon, bringing some favorite book to read from, or talking over the dreams, hopes and aspirations, which belong to the lives of all such girls.

Sometimes Bessie's older brother, Walter, would join them on their way home, and that made the walk more pleasant still. Bessie looked up to him with such exalted regard that no pleasure was quite so complete to her as when he shared it, or she had his sympathy in it. Their evenings were usually spent together, either at Bessie's home or that of Jennie's aunt, and Walter was nearly always with them then. The last evening of her visit, Bessie pleaded for, particularly, and Jennie

often looked back upon it, as the pleasantest one of all, except for the regretful thought that would sometimes intrude itself upon each that they must soon say good-bye.

Bessie had a piano and a very sweet voice, and Walter often accompanied her with a rich bass. Jennie was excessively fond of music, and this was a rare treat to her, for she had no instrument at home, and no one to sing with her, and found great enjoyment now in sometimes joining them, as well as in listening.

On this last evening, the songs that each loved best were sung, and Walter kept asking for another, and just one more each time, until at last Jennie protested, at half-past nine, that she must go if she expected to be able to make an early start next morning for home.

As the impulsive Bessie was bidding her good-bye, with many regrets and urgent requests for her speedy return, she begged for one of the geranium leaves in the tiny bouquet at Jennie's throat, as a keepsake. The latter unfastened them all, and laughingly protested dividing among the trio, as souvenirs of this evening, handing the wilted flowers to Walter. But he declined them with an air that made Jennie think he considered such things only girl's nonsense. When he had walked home with her, however, on reaching her aunt's yard, he asked for a sprig of arbor-vitæ growing by the gate, and a pansy, because its language was "forget-me-not." Jennie was quite surprised, for she thought he had no sentimentality about him, but she could not refuse so small a request, especially—as she told him—if it was needed to prevent his forgetting her entirely.

In the fall, Bessie had made her a little visit. Only three or four days, but such happy ones. Since then, they had kept up a correspondence, and this spring Walter had written a postscript in one of Bessie's letters, saying, that he was coming to the city before long to engage in business, and then he expected to renew their acquaintance and see her often. Her face grew bright with pleasure at this thought, and the busy fingers flew faster, while snatches of song came from her lips. The pansy seemed to understand what her thoughts had been, and secretly rejoiced at having been the means of calling up such pleasant ones.

As dinner-time approached, Miss Meeks came down-stairs to sit awhile. The lonely little maiden-lady, over whose head some fifty years had passed, leaving the impress of many a care and sorrow, was fond of this fresh, young girl, who often reminded her of her own youthful days, and she frequently told little episodes of her once eventful life, which awakened Jennie's interest or sympathy. To-day, as soon as her eyes rested on the tiny flower vase, her face brightened, as if to greet a friend, though soon a look of sadness crept over it.

"What a beautiful pansy!" she exclaimed, as she sat down by it. "I have not seen one for two years, and I love them so dearly. I used to have them every year, for a long time, when I was quite young, and kept them in pots in the house through the winter. They always resemble human faces to me, at a little distance. Those with a light border around them look like old ladies with broad ruffled caps. The first I had, was a pot of beautiful dark ones, which a favorite cousin brought me one day, when he was going away on a trip to the West Indies, and asked me to let them remind me of him till he came back. Three months later we heard that he had taken the yellow fever, and—he never came back."

She looked out of the window with a far-away look in her eyes, and Jennie wondered if there was not a little romance lying beneath what she had told. She resolved that Miss Meeks should have the next pansy that opened, and she would also give her one of the plants in a pot, if she wished it.

About the middle of the afternoon, Jennie's piece of work was finished and ready to take home. As she prepared for her walk, she thought to herself, "I believe I will take the pansy around to Alice Ray, as I go. She has no flowers but a few roses, and I have enjoyed it long enough." So she tied it up with a few geranium leaves, and pinned it to her dress. But the pin did not fasten it securely, and her bonnet-strings rubbed against it, and before she had gone far, the tiny bouquet slipped down unobserved to the pavement. "Alas!" thought the pansy, "I must wither away after all on these hot bricks, or be crushed beneath some careless foot." But a happier fate was yet in store for her. Scarce a minute had passed, when a little bare-footed girl came along, looking sadly down on the ground. She espied the flower, and stooped hastily to pick it up, saying, "Oh, I will run home with this quick as I can, for Tiny loves flowers so, and maybe it will do her good." Hurrying on till she came to a poor-looking tenement house, she opened a door leading into a plain and rather scantily-furnished room, where on a neat, white bed, a very small child was lying with fever-bright eyes and wasted form. Crossing the floor softly, she said to the sad-looking woman beside the bed,

"O mother, see what I found for Tiny! Won't it make her get better?"

The little sufferer's face lighted up momentarily at sight of the flowers, and she reached out her thin hand eagerly, clasping the treasure tightly in her tiny fingers. All the rest of the afternoon she held it in that tight clasp, but as night came on, grew restless and tossed about. The mother noted the change which gradually crept over her face, and understood too well what it meant. Carefully removing the flowers which had fallen from the relaxed fingers, she placed them in a

glass of water, and sat down beside the couch for her last vigil. A few hours later, when the angels had led the freed spirit away to its brighter home, and kind neighbors had dressed the little form for its last resting-place, the loving sister again placed

the precious flower with its leaves revived and fresh, in the waxen fingers lying on the pulseless breast.

The pansy had fulfilled its mission, and was content. LICHEN.

Mother's Department.

A MOTHER'S LESSON.

MRS. EDSON was out one summer afternoon for a walk. It had been hot during the middle of the day, but as the sun grew low there sprang up a breeze soft and refreshing that had tempted the lonely woman out of doors. Her heart had been full of tender, sorrowful memories all day, and now, as she passed the home of her neighbor, Mrs. Jones, she stopped to watch little Charlie Jones tugging away at a huge basket of chips, with eyes full of tears. This woman loved all children, but more than any other she seemed to love little boys like Charlie.

"Ah, Charlie," she said, "you must be a very good and strong boy to get such a nice lot of chips for your mother. Let me help you with the basket."

His cheeks were flushed and his eyes shone like stars as he answered:

"Oh, no, please, Mrs. Edson. I want to tell mother I did every single bit for her myself. I mean to get in every one in that great pile before she and father get home. I guess they'll think I've done pretty well; don't you?"

Mrs. Edson bent down to kiss the eager face, so full of boyish love and pride.

"Johnny and Hugh wanted me to go off with them, but I'd rather help mother; wouldn't you? You see, I'm going to surprise her, Mrs. Edson."

With a caution about carrying loads too large for his young arms she passed on, leaving him to the work he was so eager to resume. When she was almost out of sight, looking back she caught one last glimpse of Charlie busily at work with an air of importance that sat oddly upon his small figure.

Coming back an hour later, with head and heart rested, Mrs. Edson called in to see Mrs. Jones a few minutes. She had just returned and was removing her outer wrap, but greeted her neighbor most cordially. The two women sat down for a friendly talk, when Charlie came bounding in.

"O mother! you can't think what I've been doing! Do come out into the shed one minute and see. Please, mamma!"

"Hush, child, don't bother me with your nonsense. Don't you see that I am busy and can't stop to see what new mischief you have been up to?"

The shining eyes looked with trembling eagerness into her own. "Do, come, mamma. I did it all for you, every bit, and it won't take more'n a minute."

With a few harsh words she sent him away, and it was with a sorely disappointed face and a lagging step that he went out where he wouldn't "bother."

"That boy is always trying to do something wonderfully nice when we go away, and he is perfectly sure to do something horrid," she said to her guest; "but I want to show you how nicely my calla is looking," and she sprang up with alacrity. "I set it out on the shed this noon to shower it and forgot it before I went away. There are three beautiful blossoms on it and they are so sweet you must see them."

So she went out, and I suppose Charlie must have been lingering around, for through the open door Mrs. Edson could hear his eager voice.

"See, mother, isn't there a lot? Enough to boil the tea-kettle a hundred times, I think."

There came a sudden cry of dismay, a sound of quick, hard blows, a child's screams, more blows, then silence.

Mrs. Jones soon returned to her guest with the angry flush still upon her face, bearing a broken lily.

"Don't you think that naughty boy took it into his head to get in a lot of chips, and he must have hit the buds with his basket and knocked this over. I've whipped him so he won't be likely to do such a thing again very soon," and she looked like one who had conquered an enemy. "Of course he denied it, but there was nobody else to do it. It is a wonder that I take any peace at all with such a tearing boy around."

Mrs. Edson looked at the calla with a sober face and could say nothing her heart was so full of pity for the little boy who had tried so hard to do "something for mother" and failed so signally.

Just then Mr. Jones came in and seeing the broken plant said, carelessly, "If you women must have such things around it might be better not to leave them in the shed for a man to stumble over," and he rubbed his injured leg, lustily.

"You didn't break my lily, did you, John?" asked his wife, excitedly.

"To be sure; and I shall again if you leave it directly in my way to stumble against," he answered, serenely.

Mrs. Jones vanished and soon came back leading a red-faced, tumbled-haired boy, with eyes still wet and great sobs still shaking his childish figure. Mr. Jones looked up in wonder.

"Why, Charlie, what is the matter?"

"Mamma said I broke the lily and she whipped me," he sobbed, "but I didn't. I only brought in the chips and never touched the lily."

"Never mind, Charlie, I broke it myself; so perhaps you saved me a whipping. I guess mamma didn't hurt very badly. Come, wipe your eyes and show father how many chips you brought in."

"Dear me," sighed Mrs. Jones, "I wish I could always remember to 'be sure I'm right' before I 'go ahead.' But I can hear him laughing this

minute. I guess he'll get over it." And she began carelessly to relate some bit of gossip to her friend.

Mrs. Edson's thoughts flew back to another warm-hearted, loving little boy, whose life went out in the morning because the mother thought it a trifling thing "to offend one of these little ones." Her resolution was taken, and if any words of hers could avail her neighbor should be spared from the grief she herself had known. She told Mrs. Jones of watching the busy Charlie trying so manfully to help his mother; of his refusing her aid because he wanted "to do every bit his own self," and of the loving pride manifested in every word and look.

"Such love and thoughtfulness," Mrs. Jones, are worth a great deal, even if he had inadvertently done some trifling injury."

"I'm afraid I have been all wrong in my dealings with him. Only yesterday I punished him for breaking a plate he dropped while trying to help me clear the dinner table, and he cried himself to sleep because 'mamma didn't love him.'"

"If you had taken him on your knee and told him kindly that little boys could help most by doing the kind of work they know how to do, but that you loved him dearly for the kind heart that prompted the effort, I think he would have been as careful to help intelligently next time. Dear Mrs. Jones, don't think I want to lecture you, but I can't bear to think you may have to learn as I did, what a true-hearted boy like Charlie is worth in any home by knowing what that home is without him."

So in the twilight Mrs. Edson told her neighbor the story of her own mistakes with her Willie. Years ago, in another State, this other boy had made her quiet home noisy with his fun and frolic.

"He was an impulsive, zealous child, forever getting up new plans, and often getting into trouble in his eagerness to do something for his mother."

"O Mrs. Jones," she continued, "I'm terribly afraid, when I see mothers harsh and unkind to their children over well-meant mistakes, that sometime they will have to learn the lesson I mastered through bitter tears. I remember how he used to mortify me because his feet would keep moving and his restless hands would not stay folded. I remember telling him one day that the first man who came along that would buy boys I should sell him and then get Mrs. Hunt to let me take one of her children, who could sit still five minutes at a time. I know now that I grieved his loving heart sorely with my impatience and fault-finding, but then I thought I was only just to him. Day after day, year after year went by, until more than once I heard him mutter 'that it wasn't any use to try to please mother,' but the loving heart always prevailed, and in a few minutes he would come with a kiss and ask me to love him again."

"When he was nine years old, came the great sorrow of my life. I never spoke of it before to any one but my husband, and could not now, only to save you from a like fearful sorrow. Your Charlie has the same loving disposition, sensitive to harsh words and grieving sorely at an injustice."

"One day I had made him a new coat with bright buttons that pleased him wonderfully. He gave

me a great hugging and kisses as if I had never been unkind to him in my life, declaring he would 'always be good and never do another thing to bother me in his life!'

"That morning I went with his father to a neighboring town, leaving Willie with many injunctions not to get into mischief. I had said that the next day I must weed my flower-bed without fail. I can see now how he looked as we drove off, Willie shouting, 'I'm going to do just the nicest thing to-day, and there sha'n't be a bit of mischief in it.'"

"When we came home he pulled me out into the yard to see what he had done. His eager fingers had, truly, pulled up the many weeds from among my flowers, but in his zeal and childish ignorance he had destroyed a few choice plants which I had nursed with great care."

"He stood with glowing cheeks and eyes like stars waiting for mamma's kiss and her words of commendation. My anger was too great for me to heed his love and the beseeching in his eyes, or to hold back the bitter words and the sharp blows. Ah, my friend, we don't always realize how hard we strike when we are angry."

"Poor Willie! he led me out proud and happy; a few minutes later I left him sobbing on the grass, broken-hearted."

"I had many things to do that night, and it was late before I noticed that he had not come in. We waited, but still he lingered, till at last we began to search for him in earnest. It was midnight when we found him, hidden among a clump of spruces a half a mile away from home, where he had run to cry out his grief alone. We carried him home wet with the heavy dew, his face showing still the traces of his tears."

"How can I tell you of the days that followed! He never said a rational word to me again. He never seemed to know me. Day after day the fever exposure had brought on held him in its grasp, and when the crisis came he slipped away from life and his mother heedless of my bitter prayers for forgiveness."

"I shall never forget how he used to cry, 'Oh, tell mamma I didn't mean to hurt her plants. I thought she'd be so glad. Don't let her whip me so! It hurts Willie!'

"At the end of a week the restless feet were still forever and the busy hands quietly folded over the pulseless heart. You can imagine a little my remorse and despair, but God grant you may never know such agony as I felt when, in putting on the last clean garments for his long sleep, and the little coat he had never worn, I found the dark marks on his tender flesh my own hand had made."

"Oh, you cannot know now, and if my pain can help you never to know, I shall be glad I have told you. You have known me as a quiet woman, whom nothing seemed to vex, and you told me last week 'If I had such a trial as you had in the shape of a boy, I couldn't be so happy and serene.'"

"Don't, Mrs. Jones, don't cry so for me. I have learned to be almost glad God took him from me. If he had lived, and I had gone on in my old sharp way, I might have driven him into sin and wrong, infinitely further away than the Heaven to which God called him. He is waiting for me there, and I know has long ago forgiven the wrong I did in my blind selfishness."

Mrs. Edson rose to go home, and as Mrs. Jones

grasped her hand and with eyes and voice full of tears, she whispered:

"Thank you, dear friend, and I will try with God's help to be more patient with my child's

mistakes, and if he is spared to brighten our home still I will lead him as best a mother may to that home where Willie waits for you."

ELIZABETH WOOD.

The Home Circle.

THE LAND OF NOD.

WHAT would we do without this wonderful country that the children call the "Land of Nod?" To us grown-up people, it is almost paradise, when, tired out with all the troubles and anxieties of this busy world, we eagerly welcome the dusky night-time. Then we may shut our eyes to all that is dreary and vexatious, and with light hearts and careless foot-steps roam the pleasant paths of dream-land.

How different it is with the children! for they, bleat in their simplicity, do not usually love the quiet night, and when kind hands are ready to prepare them for their rest, they do not like it, for the sunny day holds so much for them that is new and enticing, that they cannot bear to bid it all "good-bye," even for a few hours; but presently the "sand-man" comes, and then over the merry eyes that try so hard to keep open, the soft white curtains fall, and all the brightness is hidden away.

Ah, if the babies could only tell us half the lovely things that they do and see in the dream-land country! Often when we look lovingly down upon the little ones, tucked away so cozily in their soft nests, the tender lips smile, and then we know that the children are having a very pleasant time, in among the fairy splendors of the "Land of Nod."

And if the children enjoy so well their nightly visits, how much more so must we? and to many of us who are far away from those we love how eagerly do we wait for the night, when, in the shadowy paths of the dream-land city, we may meet our own again, and with hands clasped tightly together have loving talks about the dear old days which the past has taken from us never to return.

I have a friend who, a few weeks ago, lost both husband and child; she mourned sadly, and for many days we thought that she, too, would die. "Why grieve so," we said, "when, for your beloved, all care and sorrow are forever at an end?" But she would not be comforted; and day by day she faded slowly, and we had almost said the last "good-bye," when one morning there was a change; the eyes so sad of late had a peaceful and almost contented look in them, and the lips that drooped so pitifully now smiled softly.

"Oh!" she said, "I have had such a happy night; I have been with my darlings. Oh! it was so good to hear again the loving voice of my husband. And my baby! oh, my arms were not empty then, for I held her so closely. God is very good to send me such a lovely dream."

And so many a time when the day seems long and lonely, at last the blessed night-time comes, bringing with it glimpses of the dear ones. I sometimes think these pleasant dreams are not

fancies after all; but, in reality, a faint glimpse into that heavenly home that some day, if we do our work here well, will be ours through all eternity.

There is a quaint old legend which is all about this wonderful dream-land; it is called the "City of Flowers," and only when the daylight has faded entirely away, can you go there; and then with closed eyes and folded hands you slowly climb upwards, until at last you reach the star-lights; and then on and on until in the distance you hear the singing of birds. The entrance to this city is guarded by two tall sun-flowers, and your passport there is a light heart, with all the cares and troubles of this world left far behind you.

The flowers nod you a happy welcome, and the birds sing tender melodies, and even the shimmering blades of grass will rustle you a merry tune; and hurrying down the pathway, eager to meet you again, come the dear ones who for months, and maybe years, you have not seen.

Time stands still here; and the babies, upon whose graves the grass has grown for many years, are babies still, and the friend, who left you in all the bloom of her youth, is looking just the same.

Old Time touches none; even the flowers do not wither, and if, by chance, a crimson rose drops her dainty petals, some loving breeze takes them in a tender embrace and forever they float through the air making it sweet with fragrance.

One summer morning, long ago, a sunbeam came stealing in through my half-closed blinds and roused me from pleasant dreams, and there upon my pillow lay a tinted rose-leaf. I have it yet, and its warm crimson is still bright and fresh. I think that in my nightly wanderings I visited this city of flowers, and some loving rose gave me one of her crimson treasures.

And so I think that the legend must be true. Some night, when all the world is quietly sleeping, suppose you wander up among the stars, and see if you cannot find some dream-land city.

HAMILTON.

A FAIRY AND FERNS.

SINCE last writing for the magazine I have passed through a season of great physical and mental suffering. A slow fever scorched my veins, while a racking cough so exhausted my strength, I was scarce able to raise my head from my pillow.

It seemed long before the disease yielded to the remedies, yet after all it was not very long. Those of you, dear readers of the HOME MAGAZINE, who have undergone a similar experience know how heavily the dark hours as well as the light

drag by. Especially when the cough is worse at night, as it was in my case.

My own little chamber under the eaves, with its window facing the sunrise and the river, being adjudged too far out of the way, Lou found a place for me on the second floor. Here I would be near the family circle, and, beside, it would be more convenient to wait upon me. This place was Ray's room which has remained entirely unoccupied ever since she left us to make her home in the Golden State. In appearance the apartment was somewhat dismantled. Nearly every pretty trifle with which she surrounded herself whilst here, and which make up the adornments of a room, were either scattered, or so faded as to have lost their beauty. With deft fingers, Lou put a touch here, added a picture or hung a bit of decorative drapery there, until the chamber wore a restful, liveable aspect once more. From my room she brought some of my own peculiar treasures. Among them the likeness of one who, more truthfully than any person I ever met, can say:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee."

His is a sweet, earnest face, illuminated by the light of the Holy Spirit, and with eyes so heavenly they seem to have pierced the veil and meet one's own full of the secrets of the Lord. It is a youthful face, although there are deep lines upon it. Yet what precious lines they are! Every one records a victory for Christ in the salvation of some soul. Above him hangs the cross with lilies of the valley crowded about it, and roses red as blood dropped on the ground around. The latter is one of Ray's Christmas gifts and traveled miles o'er land and sea before reaching me.

A couple of pieces of ancient china, some shells, sheaves of dried flowers and grasses, one of Lou's fancy boxes, and my own pet plants embowering the window made a picture of the room so long given over to silence and solitude. Then sister Mary, with gentle, persuasive touch, arranged my pillows and I sank down among them, too weary to take it all in at first, yet thankful, oh, so thankful for such a cozy nook in which to rest and try to get well.

I was considered convalescent, yet still felt very weak, when one morning a letter came for me from "Home Dale." Feeling unable to take up life's weightier cares and responsibilities, yet not wishing to remain idle, I had my seed-box before me and was tying up tiny packets for special friends and cases, and thinking, when this letter arrived.

I thought of the secrets hidden in those curious seed vessels. Many of them occupied an infinitesimally small space, but what wonderful bloom, fragrance, and what endless variety of form and color they were capable of taking on and giving forth. So, mused I, the little brown grains of minutes sifting through Time's hour-glass, and wearing such strange, dark guise—minutes that lengthen into days of weakness and weariness—frequently take hold on some rich, rare experience that comes upon us in gales of fragrance, and surges in seas of rapturous color around the shorelines of our lives. I recalled my dream of the previous night, too. A vision of canaries, golden-winged, flashing around me, and nestling in my arms and bosom. This "Home Dale" letter

struck chords in harmony with these thoughts. It was like turning a page and going on with the music. Although not a believer in dreams, I could not help saying to Mary, after getting a peep inside:

"Here are my canaries."

It is no new thing to receive letters from stranger-friends, yet this, coming while I was still weak, suffering, and not a little unnerved, was "sweeter than honey in the honeycomb."

In fuller measure than they deserve, the kind writer praises my articles, assures me that my name is a household word with them, then gives me glimpses of herself and her "nook by the way-side," and in these catch-and-go peeps, I am sure I recognize one who occupies her own particular chair in the "Home Circle." This friendly message was the tonic I needed to tone up heart and brain for the tasks before them. I read it over and over and seem at every reading to see flashes of unadulterated sunshine, to hear the drip and away of vine-drapery, and to catch the flutter and tremor of fern-shadows through those exquisitely woven words.

There is a fairy in the letter, too. A veritable fay, under whose magic touch that which is common and every-day turns to gold. What more natural than that this fairy should discover a rocky, fern-billowed glen? Do not the secrets of glade, cave and glen belong to her race? Thanks. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than a few of the wood-treasures her eager hands have garnered. One wave of those fern-wands and I am sure I shall have hill and glen before the eyes so tired of red brick and mortar.

The pleasure of seeing sea-moss pictures still awaits me, dear, new friend. I have a little store of unarranged mosses from the Pacific coast, and at Christmastide bought some prettily tinted scrap-picture shells, intending to group them together, but time has glided by and the dainty work remains unfinished.

The season's dawn will probably have melted down into the gold of buttercups and daisies, will have reddened into roses, carnations, and all the blush-colored train before your eyes, kind "Home Dale" hearts, or yours, dear members of the MAGAZINE'S "Innermost" shall rest upon these words. May the brightness of your lives outrun the brightness of the blossom-host, may your ways be ways of pleasantness and all your paths paths of peace, is the earnest wish of

MADGE CARROL.

THE SOLITARY WORSHIPER.

A SINGLE member of the Society of Friends in Boston is said "to have gone to their place of worship for some years after all his fellow-worshippers were dead." Whether this item be literally true, I know not; but it is generally true that in the human mind there is a tendency to cling to and remain steadfast to old forms and theories and doctrines, especially to those which were planted in childhood and which have grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength.

To me comes the doubt whether one worshiper would be able to preserve his "temple" from the destroying hand of American iconoclasm. No place or feeling is sacred. There are no associations, not even those of the earliest struggles of

our nation to become a nation, that seem to be respected or revered. Almost everything is ruthlessly changed or destroyed.

Nevertheless, I like to think that the Boston Friend was able to follow his desire and repair to the old meeting-place at the old appointed times. I, who was a birthright member of the Society, can see him sitting there alone, in the plain and simple hall, his hat closely on his head, which is bowed, with eyes resting on the floor, his hands folded and the air of perfect serenity and peace.

I can understand his pleasure in going there alone to worship. I am conscious in my own heart of possibilities that might lead me to the same course. I am conscious in my own life of kindred qualifications that lead and bind me to faithfulness to whatever has been. The places where I have worshiped would be the places toward which my feet would turn were they able to go out now. The friends I have loved I love always, even though I may read of change in their eyes now. I comfort myself in knowing that it is only a change caused by the world's overgrowth; by and by it will be cleared away and they will be mine once more.

The past is ours inviolably; the future is ours; the present soon changes into the past, and the future in some grand day (that may now seem long in coming) of rest and awakening, will open into eternity. Meanwhile it is, I think, the nature of the human heart to cling to the memory of the past. Many of us may be too busy to realize it, or we may be unconscious of what and how many pictures hang in the galleries of memory.

Some day, though, we may chance to enter that gallery and find therein the greatest delight; for our truest pleasures are not always free from, but often grow out of such scenes as cause us regret and pain—that is, where the pain bears its fruit as instructor. There seems to us to be no especial order or reason for the manner in which our pictures are grouped. A scene that we had not especially noticed may be reproduced upon the glowing canvas with living distinctness. Nor is it alone the chief (as we understand them) incidents of life that are here portrayed, but little by-ways and alleys, spots of beauty and shade, sunny dells or rocky glades that we saw as one who sees not and passed through as one who notes not whither he goeth. We are surprised; we are pleased; we are puzzled; but we cannot explain. There is another especial bewilderment about this gallery. While it is filled with doors that open now and again upon pictures that hang in different nooks and are wreathed in frames of different texture, we have no pass-keys ourselves. These doors open at their own sweet will, or they open not at all; we can neither coax, nor pry, nor force an opening. We may only be patient and wait.

We cherish consciously, however, the memory of the scenes where the years of childhood were spent; also many other scenes of later life—the hours in which we have been baptized into either joy or suffering; the hours in which we have learned new truths; the days which have brought us revelations; the places in which we have partaken of food which has ministered unto our growth—all impress themselves indelibly upon our hearts. We go back to them constantly in mind, in spirit, even though we are unable to return in body. We rest ourselves, or comfort our-

selves, or fortify ourselves, as the case may be, by recurring to the deepest experiences of life.

Every life is more or less solitary. Every person is conscious of experiences which the world—their world, their nearest and dearest do not know, and knowing, would not understand. Still there are links that bind all closely together; and so it should be. It is only occasionally that a life is so solitary that speech becomes an almost forgotten art; that an unspoken thought may seem to have the force and intensity of uttered expression. To such an one there are times when the rendering of words into the sound of speech may seem unnecessary, indeed, scarcely permissible; but such solitariness is rare and difficult to be understood.

This solitary worshiper (I like to think of it as true that he was able to worship alone and remained true and faithful unto the end), holding his "meeting" there in the place in which he had met and worshiped so long with others who were then "gone before," must have known something of this sense of personal isolation during the many hours thus spent. How near he must have felt to his former companions; the silent air must have seemed filled with their invisible presence. And, ah! how near he must have drawn to the Divine Heart; what draughts of love and strength he must have imbibed. The sights and sounds of the world and worldly life must have slipped away, leaving him with hushed breath and veiled eyes looking "through a lattice in the soul" almost into the gates of Paradise.

AUNTIE.

LITERARY BEGINNERS.

LITERARY work is not easy and pleasant except to those who are well grounded in spelling and grammar to start with. Even these make many trifling errors, which their inferiors in scholarship can easily detect and criticise, but which, when it comes to the pinch, they cannot so readily avoid. Think of that, Miss Literary Aspirant, before it is too late. Don't despise the memory of your plainest, old-time school-exercises; and don't put pen to paper with a view of immediately addressing the public, unless you know that hole and whole both spell *ah!*, and thoroughly understand the difference between them. This may seem to you a little thing—but it is on little things that we are usually caught; and by little things may we oftentimes be known as wise or otherwise. You perhaps read an article in which you found an infelicitous construction—but you didn't know how often the writer went over all the rules at his or her finger-ends, and turned to the dictionary to have it even as gracefully written as it was.

If, however, you do succeed in composing several "pieces" which contain some good thoughts, properly worded, do you expect to find it an easy, pleasant matter, to get them off your hands? If so, you are sadly mistaken. There are editors all over the land—but they have read thousands of effusions, even better than yours. Of the myriads of lovely wild flowers gemming our fields and woods every springtime, who plucks more than a few handfuls? Editorial selections are sometimes made as arbitrarily as gathering blossoms. Unless you make up your mind beforehand heroically to bear several hundred disappointments, you had better do something else—not write.

Don't expect compensation for your first few efforts. You can afford to write a little gratuitously for the sake of the practice and experience. But strive to produce nothing but that which will command a price. As to the price itself—don't expect fabulous sums. This popular error still remains, in spite of all that has been said against it. You hear that Miss Journalist obtained ten dollars for an article which took her only two hours to write. But have you considered that perhaps many days must elapse before she can do the same thing again—that proper preparation takes incalculable time and strength?

Literary compensation may sound large in particular—but it is small enough in general. Besides, it is very irregular, very precarious. Still, after years of effort, fortune may smile.

Fanny Fern began writing for fifty cents a column, and ended with a hundred dollars for less than one.

Cultivate patience, be good, and study diligently. Don't become so absorbed in literature as to make it your only pursuit—dress, act and appear like other people. If you have the smallest "gift," you can, in time, overcome every difficulty, and be at least, successful, if not famous at last. H.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

MADGE'S LESSON.

WHEN Miss Preston walked up the path toward the school-house one pleasant morning in June, she saw a very sedate and silent company of girls awaiting her coming, instead of running gladly to meet and welcome her, as was their usual custom. There had evidently been some disagreement or quarrel among them, which her appearance had checked, but not in time for them to regain their wonted peaceful tranquility. This was the more surprising, for they were usually very good and gentle girls, who associated together with a great deal of harmony.

Miss Preston seemed to take no notice of all this, for though her quick eye observed everything, she always chose a fitting opportunity for the "word spoken in season;" so she walked briskly on with her usual kindly greeting to all, just as she had done every morning since first coming among them. When she entered her school-room, she found a basket of beautiful flowers upon her desk; white, blush and red roses, resting among feathery sprays of pale, green ferns, and the room was full of their fragrance. She pressed her face down among the fresh blossoms with a quick, glad smile of pleasure; for she loved flowers, and this sweet offering surpassed in beauty the usual morning tributes presented by her pupils. She stood a little while admiring the roses, and the quaint workmanship of the basket, and then she wondered what it was that had so absorbed the attention of her girls, as to make them forgetful of their morning greeting. She had seen that they had looked very much ashamed under her scrutiny, for one thing, and so she supposed they had already begun to see the folly of their conduct and perhaps further reproof might not be needed. She thought she was quite sure what inquiry from her would reveal. There was a little foreign element recently introduced into the school, to which the girls were not yet adjusted. It might make matters worse to interfere, and Miss Preston had great faith in the good sense and honor of her pupils. While she stood there thinking of this, Madge Denver came in at the door, and hurried toward her teacher looking much excited, and when she began to speak, she talked very fast and did not look up with her usual frank and open expression.

"O Miss Preston, we hope you like your flowers," she began, but not at all as if this was what she had uppermost in her mind. "Julia Cameron brought them on purpose for you—none of the other girls have such lovely ones, and isn't it a dear, little basket? We were so happy thinking how pleased you would be, and I don't think Jennie Moore had any right to say that Julia brought them just to coax you into saying 'yes' when I asked—but, oh! I forgot—" and here Madge checked herself in some confusion, afraid her revelations were going too far. "I didn't mean to tell you of that, only to ask you to let me change my seat and go away from Susie Dean. We cannot endure to sit by each other a single day longer. Do please, please, dear Miss Preston, say yes, it will make us so unhappy if you do not, for I really think we perfectly despise each other," and Madge stopped, not because she had no more to say, but warned by her teacher's look of grave surprise, that she had said quite enough, already.

"You may speak only for yourself, Madge," said Miss Preston, "for until I hear it from Susie's own lips, I can never believe she despises any one, especially her friend and playmate whom she has loved for a long time, and who always seemed to love her just as much in return, until within a few weeks—only since Julia Cameron came among us, is it not, Madge?" and Miss Preston looked at her so searchingly that Madge turned aside her head and could not answer.

"I cannot grant your request," her teacher continued. "You know my rules; to allow no changing after seats are once chosen, except for a good and sufficient reason. I have noticed that you and Susie are not quite happy together and am very sorry for you both; but I do not think there is any such feeling between you as I have just heard expressed. Have you forgotten when you were ill for so long last winter, how Susie gave up all her own amusements to sit by your side, bringing books and games to help pass away the weary hours, never tiring, never impatient with the whims and fancies which would have tried any but a very loving, little heart? How eagerly you watched for a sight of her bright, cheerful face, and her gentle, unselfish presence always rested and comforted you. You did not want to go away from her then—you would have been glad of her company always. Remember, my child, it is a

mark of a noble nature to cling to true friends, and while it is right to be kind and courteous to all, it is unwise to bestow love and confidence upon strangers and desert those whose affection has been tried and tested. There is not time now, to talk of this any more, I only wish you to treat Susie as kindly and lovingly as you used to do, be careful not to talk over your difficulties with any one, listen to nothing which may be said against her, and see if you do not find some of the former love and tenderness still in your heart."

Miss Preston spoke earnestly, yet in such a kind and gentle way, that the tears, which had been gathering for some time in Madge's eyes, overflowed and ran down her cheeks. Here Miss Preston rang the bell and Madge went away to her seat. Julia Cameron gave her down-cast face a keen look, when she passed her and found time to whisper, "So she wouldn't let you: hateful thing! I wish I had kept my flowers at home." Madge brushed away her tears and looked up half-indignant at hearing her beloved teacher spoken of in such a disrespectful way, and a faint suspicion crossed her mind that possibly Jennie Moore was right and Julia had meant her pretty gift for a bribe; but she only saw that young lady stalking away to her seat, with head very erect and expressing by her manner as much displeasure and ill-temper as she dared to venture on.

Julia had come from the city with her mother, who was a wealthy widow and an invalid, and she fancied the pure air of Edgemont, her native place, would restore her to health and strength. She had petted and indulged her only child more than was good for her, and what might otherwise have been a lovely nature was marred by many faults, in consequence. Julia had elected to attend Miss Preston's school, and was not long in finding out that she was a person of much importance among the girls. They were eager to gain her notice and regard; for she dressed richly, had an unlimited supply of pocket-money and dispensed her favors with a lavish hand. But she had chosen Madge as her friend and confidant and that gave rise to bitter feelings and rivalry among the rest. Madge was warm-hearted and affectionate; but she became so much under her new friend's influence and so led away by her own pride and vanity, as to slight and neglect Susie, who was deeply grieved and hurt in consequence. The other girls "taking sides," as is usual on such occasions, espoused Susie's cause with a good deal of zeal, and indiscreetly helped to swell the difficulty. Thus discord and strife took the place of love and harmony.

Miss Preston mourned much over all this, and tried indirectly, to bring about a better state of affairs. She talked to them of the beauty and excellence of a meek and lowly spirit, counseled self-denial and mutual forbearance, "in honor preferring one another." Yet her gentle words of wisdom and tenderness had not borne the fruit she look for and she could only hope that time would eventually restore tranquility to her little kingdom.

It was now June and the last week of school. There was a pleasant custom of celebrating the close of the summer term with a picnic. The girls enjoyed this very much and looked forward to it for weeks, in advance, discussing its pleasures and making preparations. At the close of this day's

exercises, Miss Preston told them that if to-morrow was fair, they were all to assemble early at the school-house, where she would be in readiness to go with them to the grove. She had already had that prepared, in the usual way; low swings and hammocks for the smaller children, croquet sets and other games for all.

The girls exchanged looks of delight and satisfaction; and Susie, forgetting the feud between them, turned eagerly to Madge, saying:

"Oh, how glad I am! Do you remember last year, Madgie, and how we found such a dear little bird's nest just among the bushes by the big oak, and how—" but Madge evidently did not remember. She kept her eyes turned another way and gave no sign of having heard the eager, little whisper. She was sure she could not obey Miss Preston and love Susie as she used to; so she steeled her heart by recalling to mind her grievances. "Didn't she call me an 'Indian giver' just because I gave Julia the shell basket I had said I was making for—for some one else, and didn't she look as cross as she could and say, 'I hope you'll enjoy your visit, Miss Denver,' when I told her I was going to Julia's house to spend the afternoon and take tea, and didn't she tell Ella Turner that she hoped I never would speak to her again?" No, Madge was quite sure Susie was wholly to blame, and she would never give her a chance to call her names any more. So she pretended not to see the grieved look in the blue eyes turned so reproachfully upon her, and as soon as school was dismissed, ran away after Julia to talk over the picnic and acquaint her with some of its anticipated pleasures.

The next day was bright and fair; long before the appointed hour, the girls were at the school-house. They were very gay and merry, and their fresh, young voices rang out clear and sweet on the morning air. There was music in the laughter that greeted Miss Preston's car as she came along the foot-path, looking fair and sweet in her white dress, with a red rose in her pretty, brown hair.

Ella Turner, Marion Ellis, Susie Dean and several others, ran to meet her and began a merry contest for the possession of her hand and the privilege of walking by her side. It was a pleasant sight to look upon when they set out on their walk to the grove. Julia was resplendent in pale, blue silk, "made in the very latest style" (as Annie Russell took occasion to tell her companion, in an awed whisper), with the daintiest of silk stockings to match, and kid boots, and the others all wore dresses of bright tints, so that they looked like a flower garden or a swarm of gay butterflies, fluttering along the path; only they all carried baskets, which flowers and butterflies never do. It was a pleasant walk, for the birds sang among the trees, the grass was soft and green under their feet, and the meadows were red and sweet with clover blossoms.

When they reached the grove, Miss Preston took charge of the least and youngest of the party, for she always made their comfort and pleasure her chief care, and the older ones dispersed to such games and amusements as they preferred. It was not long before the place was full of merry voices, song and laughter waking the echoes and silencing the birds in the trees, who doubtless wondered much over these noisy invaders of their leafy soli-

lude. When noon came the dinner was laid on a great flat rock under the spreading oaks, and the girls thought it so much nicer than to sit down at an every-day table in a stupid room at home. To be sure there were some drawbacks. Ella Turner lost her balance in leaning forward to help herself to jelly-cake, and fell with one hand in the dish of butter that graced the centre of the table and the other clutching frantically at a mould of *blanc mange* which Julia had contributed as her share of the feast, sending it rolling from the rock right into the midst of a huge ants' nest, from which it was rescued in a ruinous state sad to behold; and little Bessie Smith found a spider in her cup of milk and set up a piteous wail, saying she had "drank one, for she felt it kicking in her throat." But these were minor difficulties and only added to the fun and merriment of the hour. When everything had been cleared away after dinner the girls were glad to throw themselves down on the soft grass near Miss Preston and listen to the stories which the little ones had begged her to tell. They thought no one could tell such delightful stories and though there was always a moral interwoven, yet it was so "sugar-coated," as Marion said, that they could swallow it without making a wry face. Afterwards there were songs in which all joined and then, quite rested and refreshed, the party separated and once more engaged in games, or took long, pleasant strolls among the trees. All at once an animated discussion arose over a game of croquet and Miss Preston, feeling her presence was needed, transferred little Bessie Smith, who was asleep on her lap, to Marion's care and went over toward the disputants. After the vexed question had been settled she inquired for Susie, meaning to take her as her companion for a walk; but no one seemed able to give any information, and very soon it became generally understood that Susie Dean was missing. They went a considerable distance into the woods (for the so-called "grove" was only a sparse collection of trees on the outskirts of a dense, wooded land), calling in every direction. After spending a good deal of time in this way to no purpose, they gave up the attempt. Some of the girls began to look very much frightened; the younger ones cried, but Miss Preston did not think Susie was lost. She might have gone home by herself, or have wandered into the woods and fallen asleep. It was very unlikely any harm could have befallen her.

As the day was drawing to a close the teacher finally started the party homeward under Marion's charge, saying she would remain and search the vicinity a little more thoroughly. Marion was to go to Susie's home, and if she was not there acquaint Mr. Dean with what had happened and ask him to meet Miss Preston at the grove, bringing assistance with him if he thought best. It took some time to calm the fears of the frightened children and induce them to proceed without their teacher, and when this was finally accomplished Miss Preston began to look about her, trying to decide what steps she had best take, hoping she might be able to find the child before Mr. Dean and his party arrived. She was responsible for the safety of her girls and she blamed herself exceedingly for this sad mishap. She had gone some distance into the woods, calling loudly as she went, when she heard hasty footsteps and saw

Madge running toward her, looking very pale and anxious.

"O Miss Preston, I could not go home without Susie," she said. "Do let me help look for her. I am afraid we shall never, never find her; that something terrible has happened to punish me for being so wicked. It is all my fault. I was cross and cruel to her all day and so I was yesterday, even after what you said to me in the morning."

Miss Preston told her she might help in the search, for she saw evident signs of great distress of mind, and something that looked very much like remorse.

"Why do you say it is your fault, Madge?" she asked, as they walked on together. "Has Susie been with you at all, to-day?"

"Yes, Miss Preston," replied Madge. "She came to me before dinner and told me she was sorry for all the unkind feelings we had for each other and asked me to forgive her, as if it was her fault," continued Madge, with a burst of tears. "And, oh, I would not; but told her I never should have her for my friend again, and now she is gone and it is too late. I never can tell her how sorry I am I was so wicked."

"Let us hope it is not too late for you to make amends," said her teacher. "I think this is a lesson you needed, and I am sure you will be permitted to profit by it and undo all the wrong you feel has been done to Susie. Was that the last time you saw or spoke with her?"

"Yes, Oh! but I am mistaken. I remember now that I saw her once after this. I was telling Julie Cameron about Honeysuckle Hill, you know, Miss Preston, where so many wild flowers grow; Susie and I have been there often and often. I said I wished I had some of the honeysuckles that are now in bloom, and I remember that Susie seemed to be listening, as if she was interested in what I said. I do believe—" and Madge stopped short and clasped her hands together rapturously, "that is where Susie has gone. How glad I am I happened to think of it," and she started on again with such speed that it was some minutes before Miss Preston could overtake her. When she did she said:

"But you cannot reach Honeysuckle Hill from this direction, Madge. You and Susie have always gone by the road and entered the woods from the opposite side. By following this route we shall have to cross a very deep ravine, with only a narrow plank on which to go over; there is no foot-bridge and a very fast river runs along the rocky bed below. If Susie has attempted it I am very much afraid some sad accident has happened."

"Oh, but Susie wouldn't have known that till she got there," gasped Madge, "and then she tried to go across and has fallen. She is dead! She is dead! and I have killed her!" and she darted away in the direction she believed Susie had taken. Fear lent her wings and Miss Preston could scarcely keep up with her. On and on she went, through bushes and tangled briars, over rocks and stones, not seeming to notice any obstacle in her path; but all the way she was praying in her heart and promising never, never to be unkind again if Susie could only be found alive and unharmed. They both reached the ravine together; no signs of Susie were to be seen; all was still save the sound of the water rushing over the rocks, and the sleepy twitter of birds seeking their

nightly resting-places. Miss Preston took Madge's hand and they went fearfully toward the high, steep bank and looked over. Half-way down, resting on a rocky ledge, held by a few bushes and a stunted tree, they saw a gleam of bright color, which they knew was Susie's dress—the little pink dress she had put on with such pride and gladness that morning. Madge turned her white, scared face one moment toward her teacher and the next she was over the bank, clambering swiftly down, holding by the bushes and briars till she reached the narrow ledge where Susie was lying.

Miss Preston never knew how she did it, but she was soon by Madge's side, gazing with her upon the little figure lying so white and still before them.

"She is dead! She is dead! I have killed her!" moaned Madge, her tears falling fast on Susie's pale face.

"Hush, Madge; I hope and believe she is not dead. See! her heart beats; but she is badly hurt. I think her arm is broken. It lies doubled under her as if she had fallen upon it and she has probably fainted from pain. Do you think you have courage to stay here while I go back for Mr. Dean? You must be calm and brave. If Susie recovers do not frighten or startle her and do not move yourself one inch nearer the edge."

"I will stay," said Madge. "I can do anything now, if you are sure she is not dead; only hurry as fast as you can, for she looks so dreadfully."

Miss Preston reassured her, and climbing up the bank swiftly disappeared in the fast-gathering darkness.

Madge will never forget that night, when she sat alone by her unconscious friend in the dim twilight, amid the solitude of the forest, with the river rushing along below her and the sky looking so far above. How white and deathlike Susie lay there; how still and silent. What if Miss Preston were mistaken and she had indeed died alone, far from friends and home. At the thought

Madge's heart almost ceased to beat and she grew so giddy that she had to hold tightly to the bushes to keep from falling. The time seemed very long, and when at length she heard the crackling of branches and sound of voices above her, she cried aloud from very thankfulness. Susie was not dead, and when her father lifted her in his arms and spoke her name she opened her eyes, and seeing Madge's anxious face she tried to smile, saying faintly, "I am sorry I could not get the flowers for you, Madgie. It was so awkward for me to slip. I was sure I could get safely over."

How sweet the dear, familiar tones sounded in Miss Preston's ear; and Madge, quite worn out with weeping and anxiety, could only throw herself into her teacher's arms and sob out her joy and gratitude. There was plenty of time to test the reality of Madge's repentance, for the broken arm kept Susie in the house many long and weary weeks. All through the long summer vacation Madge devoted herself to her friend. She brought her fruit and flowers, read to her from all her favorite books and brightened the days in every way a loving fancy could devise. Susie was willing to take more than half the blame for their unhappy differences, and never so much as *thought* of reproaching Madge for what had occurred on the day of the picnic. As might have been expected, this unselfish treatment only caused Madge to see her conduct in even a clearer light than before, and so there was mutual love, forgiveness and reconciliation, which nothing ever after disturbed.

Both Madge and Susie are grown up now and still continue devoted friends, and Madge has little daughters of her own, to whom she often relates the story of Susie's accident, and the many mistakes that brought it about, telling them to avoid the first appearance of pride, ill-temper and ingratitude, that they may never, by so sad a lesson, learn how evil are the consequences that result.

MRS. E. A. ROCKWELL.

Health Department.

ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH IN MIDDLE AGE.

A WRITER in *Cassell's Family Magazine*, signing himself "A Family Doctor," gives the following very sensible advice on the preservation of health:

At the age of thirty-five mankind, according to some eminent authorities, is said to have reached the meridian of life, while others name forty as the number of years we take to reach the hill-top of our earthly existence. But be this as it may, no one who has taken the ordinary means to preserve his health in youth and early manhood should feel other than young at the age of forty-five, from which period until that of sixty, if life be spared to us, we shall do well to consider ourselves middle-aged, and to adopt greater precautions for the preservation of health and consequent happiness than might have been deemed necessary when youth was on our side. And if this is done, the period of middle age should be

one of the greatest activity, of both body and mind. What though the hairs are turning gray? that but shows one has suffered sorrow and survived it, or that, sorrow apart, he is a man who thinks. And what though the limbs be not quite so nimble? Calm enjoyments foster thought and generate habits of that true temperance which conduces to long life and contentment more than anything else in this world; and whatever some may say to the contrary, I maintain that the desire to live long is inherent in every healthy sane man or woman. To die of old age is the only natural death, and, if death may ever be said to be pleasant, the only pleasant one. Though younger than some of my professional brethren still in harness, I have nevertheless seen death in very many shapes and forms, and in almost every case I have found the aged more resigned to the inevitable than those less advanced in years. For a well-spent life is like a well-spent day: at its close there is a wish for rest.

To those, then, of my middle-aged friends who

may scan these lines, and who still enjoy the inestimable blessing of health and a fair constitution, I say, prize it, and do everything in your power to steer clear of anything likely to deprive you of it. As that sprinkling of gray in your hair tells you, the recuperative force of nature is not now quite so powerful in your nerves and veins as it was some time ago, and a few weeks' sickness from which, as a young man, you could have emerged scatheless, might now leave its effects upon you for life. To those, on the other hand, who may have in some measure trifled with their constitutions, and lived fast and free, I would not say it is never too late to mend, and now is the time which you must take by the forelock, in order to get rid of evil habits, and remedy existing irregularities in your ways of living. And to all I would say that in this short paper I do not presume to *teach*, but to *remind*, because people are either physicians or fools at forty, and I am convinced that my readers may all be classed among the former.

They need hardly be told, then, that as life is made up of periods of rest and periods of activity, the more perfect the rest is, the better it fits us for the tussel and turmoil of the coming day. Complete repose at night is necessary to a healthful existence. Sleep, gentle sleep, which closes the eyes of the youthful sailor, rocked in the giddy foretop, is a goddess who becomes more coy and difficult to woo as years steal over our heads. The middle-aged, then, must not be content with having earned a good night's rest, but they must also see that the apartment in which they mean to repose is a suitable one. Is it sufficiently ventilated without being draughty, sufficiently aired and warmed without being hot? have the windows been opened during the day? has the glorious life-giving sun had a chance to peep in? If the above questions can be answered in the affirmative, your chances of good refreshing sleep are so much the better. But in addition let me remind you that the furniture in a bed-room cannot be too simple; that Venetian or green blinds are an abomination because they exclude the light; that heavy curtains around the windows or bed should not be tolerated; that the room should be the essence of neatness and tidiness, and that sleeping with lights burning all night is injurious. Also, that bedclothes should be warm, but not weighty, the mattress inclining to hard rather than soft, and the night-dress composed of that material which experience has suggested as the most comfortable. The practice of muffling up the head is a bad one, but if you have all through life treated your head like a hot-house plant, perhaps you had better continue to do so. Those who are subject to colds and coughs should in winter and spring wear a light woollen comforter around the neck at night, and as bronchitis is often taken from exposure of the space between the shoulder-blades—which is less protected by nature than the breast—I think it is a capital plan for such as are delicate in the chest to sleep in a felt chest-protector. I do not think the middle-aged should lie too long in bed of a morning, but I am certain that if they were to retire to rest much earlier than, as a rule, they do, it would be infinitely better for their health and comfort. The subject of sleep is one that is not half enough studied, nor is its value properly appreciated. If all the world would make up its mind to put on the clock a couple of hours, all

the world would live a deal longer. We should then see shop shutters taken down at seven by the sun, people hurrying to business at eight by the sun; by eleven we should be hungry for lunch, at five by the sun we would dine, and we would all be in bed by nine. There is a little bird that, perched upon a rose-bud in a cozy corner beneath the veranda of my French window, has slept there every night throughout the winter. At first I took it for a robin, but it turned out to be a cock-sparrow; never mind, he goes to roost whenever twilight falls, and he is up and away by daybreak, thus preaching to me what we should all bear in mind, that we cannot have too much early sleep in winter, nor too much daylight all the year round.

If proper clothing by night is of all importance for the preservation of health in middle age, the maintenance and conservation of the animal heat cannot be neglected with impunity by day. In summer clothes should be worn that are both light in material and light in color, but soft woollen socks and thin soft under-flannels are necessities even in the warmest months. People who are advanced in years should study comfort more than fashion, and ought not to forget that clothes of a light color are warmer in winter than dark ones, the color having an influence on the radiation. White repels heat in summer, it is consequently cool, but in winter it conserves the heat of the body. During the inclement months of the year have a care to the comfort of the feet, as well as to the protection of the whole body from the injurious effects of cold, which at that season of the year are so liable to induce diseases of the throat and chest, as well the mucous membranes generally. Rheumatism, too, is a frequent but far from welcome visitor in spring.

No one who has reached the prime of life can afford to despise the evil influences of certain winds, and just as the soft western winds and the balmy breezes that blow ozone-laden from the sunny south bear health on their wings, so are baneful influences wafted toward us in the breath of the cold north, or penetrating east. Both indigestion and spirits fall to the lowest ebb while the latter blow; attacks of dyspepsia are therefore the consequence, and with them, owing to an acid state of the blood, rheumatism itself.

Food is to our bodies a source of heat; from it the material is derived whereby the constant waste of tissue going on in our bodies is counter-balanced; from it, too, by chemical combinations which I need not here describe, warmth is directly evolved. In order to properly insure these ends, attention should be paid to diet. This should be sufficient in quantity, although moderation in eating ought to be studied; it should be wholesome, varied, and should contain a just proportion of vegetable as well as animal substances. I may mention, however, that it is not by any means necessary that animal food should be the staple of every diet, or even a component part thereof, though this is considered an essential thing by many. People in our country live far too much on meat food, and do not rate at their proper value such life-giving articles as peas, beans, lentils, barley and oatmeal.

Everything that is known to disagree should be carefully avoided; breakfast and dinner ought to be partaken of early, and should be substantial;

but supper should be light, and taken fully two hours before retiring to rest. The habit of taking alcohol before meals, to whet the appetite, need only to be mentioned to be condemned. The best stimulant is healthful exercise in the open air.

I wish that all my readers could appreciate to the full the benefits to be derived from proper exercise, regularly taken day after day. Some there are, indeed, who do not realize the difference between motion and exercise in its medical aspect. One may have been on the move for many hours, hard at work, perhaps, and still not have been taking exercise; for with the latter, in order to be beneficial, there must be a certain pleasure—there must be an unbending of the mind, as well as movement of the body. As the food we eat, so should the exercise we take be varied; but it should never be carried to excess. A little and often, but preferably in the society of pleasant friends—this should be our rule. Some learned authority, whose name I cannot now recollect, considers it an indispensable law of longevity that at least an hour's healthful exercise be taken every day in the open air. Walking is excellent exercise, especially if we can vary the walk every day, and have some definite object in it.

I think it adds greatly to the chances of long life to take an annual holiday. Many make a point of doing so, and seldom, I believe, without benefit, if only by the change of air and scene. The people of towns, however, who rush down to the seaside, and there insist on leading precisely the same kind of lives they did at home, surely

make a very grave error. Englishmen are said to take their pleasures sadly, but at the seaside in summer they mostly take them madly.

The eyesight, if not the hearing, may begin to fail at middle age. As regards the former, much might be done to preserve it. If we seldom ail, if we keep our nervous system up to the proper pitch, and attend to the etiquette which ought to be observed by a man toward that often greatly-wronged individual, his own stomach, we ought to see tolerably well up to the age of seventy or eighty, if spared so long. Reading or writing in very bright lights, reading small print, and reading in railway carriages, all help to injure the sight, as also does remaining too much in-doors, which ends in getting our eyes so focused by looking at near objects, that it becomes impossible to see well those at a distance.

Middle-aged people who labor in-doors, cannot have the rooms in which they work too well ventilated; they cannot have too much fresh air. The vitiation of the air in some of our workshops is very greatly to be deplored; it is no wonder many of our tradesmen are a puny race, and their children scrawny, and often bilious, dyspeptic and easily depressed in mind or body.

To conclude, I need hardly warn the reader against the evil effects of damp feet or clothes, or sitting while chilled in a draught, or against the weakening effects of over-indulgence in strong tea and tobacco. Nor need I say a word about the very great benefits of the daily bath, tepid if you cannot stand it cold, but always with soap and always with the flesh-glove.

Fancy Needlework.

DESCRIPTION OF FANCY-WORK ENGRAVINGS.

No. 1. BAG FOR SOILED LINEN.—The bag, which may be of any desired size, is of crashed edge with crochet, worked with red ingrain cotton, and ornamented with a border and patterns in cross stitch. The top is turned down and stitched with runner for slide string, which is of red sarsnet ribbon.

Nos. 2, 5, 10 AND 11.—TOWEL ORNAMENTED WITH EMBROIDERY.—No. 2 shows the centre design on towel in the full size; No. 5 the border which runs across the towel; No. 11 rather more than half the side designs from which the whole can be worked; No. 12 shows the finished towel, the end of which is ornamented with a broad Cluny lace. This towel may be made of diaper or fine huckaback. The designs are sufficiently handsome for sideboard cloths; scarlet, blue or white ingrain cotton can be used for the embroidery, which may be in cording and satin stitch. At present it is quite usual to have a handsome towel hung over the towels which are in use in the bed or dressing-rooms.

Nos. 3 AND 6. BAG FOR SOILED LINEN.—This bag is of brown holland, ornamented with bands of scarlet worsted braid worked with olive-green crewels. The design shown in No. 6, repeated, will make a pretty stripe for the braid in crewels.

The design on the holland is in crewel on crash with cross-stitch; any simple design will do for this part of the work. The bag is lined with red Turkey twill. The balls are of red crewel. A thin piece of cane is put around the top under the lining, to hold the bag in shape.

No. 4.—DESIGN IN CROSS-STITCH FOR BORDER OR STRIPE.

No. 5.—See No. 2.

No. 6.—See No. 3.

Nos. 7 AND 9. BORDERS; EMBROIDERY.—These borders are in satin and cording stitches; they are suitable for ornamenting children's pinafores, aprons, etc.

No. 8. LACE; NET WITH POINT AND HONITON BRAID.—Materials required for one yard: 10 yards of muslin braid, 2 yards of plain small Honiton, 1 yard of open Honiton, 2 yards of pearl edge, 1 yard of net, 1 skein of thread No. 3.

No. 9.—See No. 7.

Nos. 10 AND 11.—See No. 2.

Nos. 12 AND 13. TOWEL, WITH MONOGRAM AND BORDER IN ITALIAN STITCH.—This is a very simple style of ornamenting the towel, which is of fine damask. The border and corner shown in No. 14 will serve for this, the outer rows of which must be repeated on each side, and the corner may be repeated from the centre of the cross; the towel is finished with a tied fringe.



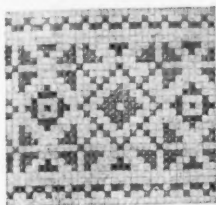
NO. 1.—BAG FOR SOILED LINEN.



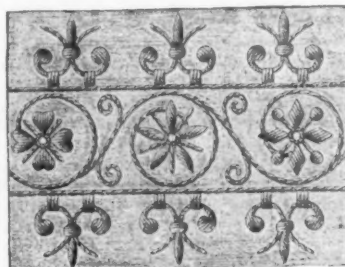
NO. 2.—EMBROIDERY ON TOWEL.



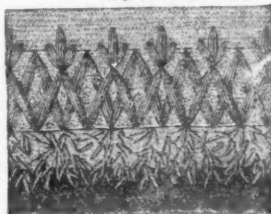
NO. 3.—BAG FOR SOILED LINEN.



NO. 4.—DESIGN IN CROSS-STITCH.



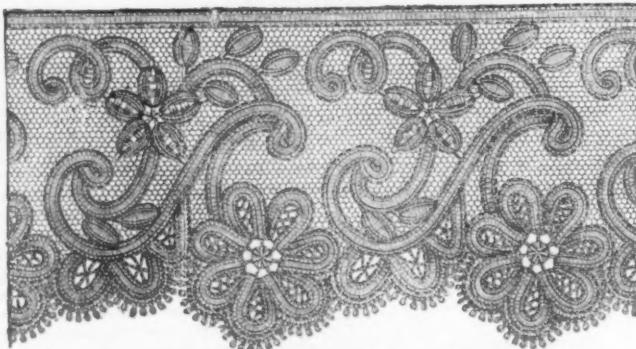
NO. 5.—BORDER FOR TOWEL.



NO. 6.—STRIPE FOR NO. 3.



NO. 7.—BORDER EMBROIDERY.



NO. 8.—LACE NET WITH POINT AND HORIZONTAL DRAIN.



NO. 9.—BORDER EMBROIDERY.



NO. 10.—EMBROIDERY FOR TOWEL.



NO. 11.—TOWEL WITH EMBROIDERY.

NO. 12.—TOWEL WITH CROSS-STITCH.



NO. 13.—CORNER AND BORDER EMBROIDERY.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

NEW hats and bonnets vary from very large to very small, very elaborate to very plain. Small, light, evening bonnets are simply masses of flowers, or lace. Traveling hats are very simple, trimmed only with a twisted tie of plaid or brocade ribbon, or an immense bow upon the crown. The prettiest dress bonnet is a dainty little French capote. Small black straw bonnets are trimmed with wreaths of white lilacs, or clematis. Roses without foliage adorn broad-brimmed garden hats. The novelty this year is Sumatra straw, resembling thick canvas of buff or beige shades. Sumatra straw hats or bonnets are trimmed with lace, flowers, beads, feathers and bows, strings and torsades of *faille*, which has again come into favor—though not now generally used for face-linings, as it is not invariably becoming, so near the complexion. Besides Sumatra, there are Manilla, Belgian and other fancy straws. The newest accessory of all is *ficelle*, or twine lace, coarser than *torchon*. It is a favorite trimming for bonnets and wash dresses.

Bonnet-strings are now caught together with small lace pins, matching the earrings. Earrings, however, are very little worn, except for full dress. Strange to say, at the same time, delicate bracelets over the long gloves, accompany street costumes.

Light, evening wraps are made of soft black

or white woolen shawls, lined with bright-colored silks, and drawn up to form a hood, and to outline the waist, with loops of ribbon of the same shade as the lining.

Dresses of satine, cambric or gingham, are made just as elaborately or just as plainly as the wearer desires. The favorite model seems to be short skirt, short puffed panier and gathered waist. A new waist has shirrings and a wide belt in front, with basque-tails in the back, the belt passing under the latter.

Some new costumes are completed by short capes, cut open on the shoulders and filled in with loops of ribbon. In the new printed bodices, the point in the back often rests upon loops of ribbon falling over the skirt.

Fashionable hosiery is still colored. Black silk stockings, for all occasions, are most stylish. Prettily striped ones, in various designs and shades, are popular as ever. Terra-cotta, copper-color, Pompeian red, and porcelain blue, are the new colors in hosiery—which colors are often seen in combination dresses, wraps and hats.

For full dress, repped silks are used in preference to satin. Changeable and shot silks are also fashionable. Toilets for watering-places are made of China crepe in combination with silk.

Huge bouquets of natural flowers are worn at the belt or carried in the hand, on almost all occasions. The flowers preferred are not exotics, but wild, or old-fashioned garden flowers.

New Publications.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

Conversation: Its Faults and its Graces. Compiled by Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., LL. D., late Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in and preacher to Harvard University. Comprising Dr. Peabody's Address to Young Ladies; Francis Trench on Conversation; A Word to the Wise, or Hints on the Current Improperities of Expression in Reading and Writing, by Parry Gwynn; Mistakes and Improperities of Speaking and Writing, Corrected. New edition.

The title of this little handbook, which we copy in full, gives the reader an idea of its character and the range of topics it includes. As an aid to speaking and writing correctly it will be found exceedingly useful. Dr. Peabody's address to young ladies, from which we made an extract in our June number, is admirable, and should be read over and over again.

Insects. How to Catch and How to Prepare them for the Cabinet. This is the title of a little book by Walter P. Manton, which may be of value to some of our young readers interested in Entomology. For the benefit of those who may not have access to the volume we glean the following:

"You will seek for insects in the woods; under

bark; in rotten logs; under chips; in the ground, at the foot of trees, where also the *larvæ* may be found. Hedges and sand-pits, mud, water, manure, dead animals, meadows, marshes, ponds, moss, roots of grass, dried bones, fungi, and flowers, river banks and under stones—everything, everywhere, will yield some insect worthy of study, and a place in the collection."

The writer advises that the amateur should, as far as possible, make his own tools. These are principally, three nets of different sizes, for catching insects on the wing, a box for carrying home spoils; a trowel; several pillboxes and bottles as receptacles; and a good knife. Besides, a pocket magnifying-glass is of value. Various chemicals are used for killing insects; among these are ether and ammonia. Alcohol is also necessary to preserve some specimens.

European Breezes, by Margery Deane (Marie J. Pitman). This is one of the many books of travel that come in our way. But it is, as its writer intended it should be, different from the majority, as it omits descriptions of scenery, antiquities, etc., which any one may find in the encyclopedias or guide-books, and gives what every one contemplating travel especially wishes to know: various little scraps of information, such

as one gleans from conversation rather than reading; amusing national characteristics, which seldom find their way into print, and many valuable items regarding the cost of a European tour.

Handbook of Field Botany, by Walter P. Manton. Here are gathered together many good suggestions for those interested in this beautiful science, evidently by one who is himself an ardent student and knows whereof he speaks. The volume will prove especially useful to those who have as yet gained little experiences for themselves. Price, 50 cents.

Handbook of Light Gymnastics, by Lucy B. Hunt, Instructor in Gymnastics at Smith College, Northampton, Mass. Just the thing for a teacher or mother who wants a little manual for her own use in the school-room or home. The system given is that of Dio Lewis, with some modifications suggested by the writer's own experience. One who has already studied gymnastics will find this book useful in reviewing them. One who has not can learn them by carefully following all directions. The chapter on dress is especially useful. The beautiful gymnastic costume ought to be universally known, and wherever worn made exactly right. Price, 50 cents.

FROM P. BLAKISTON, SON & CO., 1012 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Our Homes, by Henry Hartshorne, A. M., M. D. This valuable little book belongs to the series of Health Primers, edited by Dr. W. W. Keen, of which the one, "Winter and its Dangers," recently received attention at our hands.

The present issue, quite as useful as its predecessors, treats of the situation and construction of houses, light, warmth, ventilation, water supply, drainage, disinfection, population and workingmen's homes. Its low price places it within the reach of every one, while its compact form and simple language highly recommend it to favor. Price, cloth binding, 50 cents; paper cover, 30 cents.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Between Times; or Tales, Sketches and Poems. Written in the leisure moments of a busy life. By J. E. Diekenga, author of the "Worn Out Shoe," etc. Boston: James H. Earle. pp. 232. Price, 75 cents.

Recognition in Heaven, by M. Rhodes, D. D., author of "Life Thoughts for Young Men," etc. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. pp. 136.

Poems of the Western Land, by Elizabeth Yates Richmond. Milwaukee: Published by the author. pp. 192. Price, \$1.75.

The Voice of the Home; or, How Roy Went West, and How He Came Home Again, by Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, author of the "Pledge and the Cross," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. pp. 401. Price, \$1.25.

The Villa Bohemia, by Marie Le Baron. New York: Kochenderfer & Urie. pp. 247. Price, 50 cents.

Notes and Comments.

National Temperance Society.

THE seventeenth Annual Meeting of the National Temperance Society and Publication House was held Tuesday, May 9th, 1882, James Black, presiding. Mr. J. N. Stearns, Corresponding Secretary, presented the annual report, from which we take the following extract:

"The temperance reform during the past year has made marked and most gratifying progress. The agitation has been widespread as never before, embracing every aspect of this important question. Total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages has been the key-note of a vast amount of temperance instruction given forth to young and old of all classes of society from the platform, in the press, secular and religious, through millions of pages of well-chosen literature, in the Sabbath school and from the pulpit. The great importance of severely restricting or entirely prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic beverages by statutory enactment and constitutional amendment has been more generally recognized and more earnestly labored for than in any previous year of the temperance reform.

"Meanwhile, the alarmed liquor forces, cognizant of the steady, rapid progress of the temperance reformation, are organizing thoroughly for

determined resistance to defy all legal restraint, whether in the form of stringent license and tax laws, Sunday closing, or entire constitutional and statutory prohibition. They declare war against all political parties, and all legislators, State and national, who will not do their bidding. They subordinate everything to the preservation and extension of the iniquitous liquor traffic. The time for a more complete union and consolidation of all friends of temperance for decisive action is at hand. All Christians, patriots and philanthropists must unite to suppress rebellious liquor lawlessness, to rescue our country from the unholy dominion of the heartless, God-defying, Sabbath-breaking liquor oligarchy. Grateful to God, to whom we would render reverent thanksgiving for His manifold blessings in connection with our work hitherto, we invoke His guidance and strength as the sure guaranty of future progress and of ultimate complete victory.

"The distinctive work of the National Temperance Society has been prosecuted with more vigor and energy, and has prospered and extended more than in any previous year of its history. The receipts for publications have been greater and a much larger number of pages printed than in any former year since the Society was organized. The friends of temperance throughout the nation in

every department of the work have come to a better understanding of the nature, objects and work of the Society, together with the excellence, character, and power of its publications, so that its influence and its literature are extended to the remotest bounds of the country. It permeates every department of society, and is silently but surely moulding and changing public thought and sentiment until the entire nation feels its influence and turns its attention more and more to the solving of the great question of the drink problem."

"Stringing Pearls at Venice."

EVER since the latter end of the fifteenth century, the manufacture of pearl beads has been a favorite industry of the Venetians, and though the present form of bead owes its discovery to a Frenchman named Jacquin, Venice still holds her own in the production of these pretty baubles. Formed of a thin kind of glass, so easily blown that a workman can turn out six thousand in his day's work, these beads are coated with a composition obtained from the scales of fish, and this gives them their glossy pearl-like appearance. They are then strung on long strings ready for the market by women, and it is this portion of industry, as the most picturesque, that Mr. C. Van Haanen has chosen for his clever picture in the London Royal Academy Exhibition of 1881. In this the artist has represented a group of laughing, black-eyed, full-lipped, scandal-loving Venetian *donzellas*—all chattering vigorously over their work as Italian maidens only can laugh and chatter. The ungainly figure of the forewoman, the *padrona*, sets off the graceful forms of her work girls to perfection.

The Longfellow Memorial.

IT is proposed to erect a monument at Cambridge, Mass., to the memory of our deceased poet, Henry W. Longfellow; the funds for the work to be raised by a National Dollar Subscription. Speaking of the design and location of the monument, the New York *Herald* says:

"The design of the memorial is uncommonly tasteful and appropriate. Everybody at all acquainted with the homes and haunts of American poets knows that Mr. Longfellow's residence was in the colonial mansion in Cambridge, which Washington occupied as headquarters during the siege of Boston. The estate at that time was an ample one of several hundred acres; but before Mr. Longfellow came into its possession it had shrunk to a few acres only immediately joining the house. Across the highway that bounded it, there was a broad green field, running down nearly to the Charles River. This the poet bought and kept open, giving to the house an unobstructed view of the placid stream. These local allusions will call to public memory many of his verses.

"It is proposed and hoped by the officers of the association that the contributions will enable them to acquire this field and keep it forever open as a public resort, and to place in it a statue or some other suitable monument bearing a likeness of the poet. It is also within the design to provide for the permanent preservation of the house, should

it ever pass out of the possession of Mr. Longfellow's family. This, in the well-chosen language of their appeal to the public, is their plan for 'testifying to future generations the tender respect in which his contemporaries hold his pure and gentle life.'"

Money for the National Dollar Subscription in honor of Mr. Longfellow should be sent to John Bartlett, treasurer, Post Office Box 1590, Boston, Mass.

Publishers' Department.

SUMMER TOURISTS' GUIDE.

The Erie & Lehigh Valley Railroads have recently issued an illustrated Tourists' Guide, embracing a description of the picturesque regions traversed by their lines and connections, with a brief sketch of each point of interest to the pleasure seeker. The information contained in it will be of value to any one contemplating a summer excursion, and will be of assistance in determining where to go and which route to take. To Niagara Falls there are sixty-eight different excursion routes, ranging in price from \$17.00 to \$27.45. Excursions to Richfield, Sharon, Saratoga and Clifton Springs, Trenton Falls, Watkins's Glen, Chautauqua Lake, Mauch Chunk, Quebec, Portland, White Mountains, Denver, Col., Omaha, etc., are at reduced rates. Tickets are sold from June 1st to October 1st, good to return until November 1st. The "Guide" will be furnished free upon application to Mr. N. Van Horn, at the office of the Railroad Company, 836 Chestnut Street.

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5-7.

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In the Summer and Autumn the system is in a less nervous condition than when under the bracing influence of a colder temperature. Keep the bowels unobstructed, the digestion active, and the blood cool in warm weather. To effect this object, take occasionally a dose of TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. It is a gentle cathartic, a wholesome tonic, an antidote to biliousness, a blood depurent and a most delightful febrifuge, united in one sparkling foaming elixir, prepared in a moment and without the slightest trouble.

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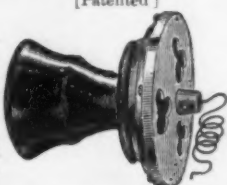


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A KEY WILL WIND THAT ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT. SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 30 cts. Circulars sent by T. & P. RICH & CO., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

PILES. SCRATCH NO MORE!

USE SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. SYMPTOMS are Moisture, intense itching, increased by scratching, most at night. Other parts are sometimes affected. Swayne's Ointment sure cure. Also for Tetter, Blisters, all Skin Diseases. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

COMPOUND OXYGEN,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES.

A VERY SINGULAR AND EXCEPTIONAL CASE.

The following details of a case, made by the patient under his own signature, is one of the exceptional cases which we meet with in our dispensation of Compound Oxygen, and one that illustrates in a very striking manner the subtle and deeply-searching and active power of this new agent. In a letter inclosing the statement, a daughter of the gentleman who makes it, says:

"Father now considers himself well, and has been nearly so for some time. He has prepared a statement to send. I can only say this is a wonderful change from intense suffering to perfect ease, and I thank God for it."

"ST. CLOUD, WIS., January 10th, 1882.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: *Dear Sirs.*—I believe it to be a duty I owe to sufferers from blood and skin diseases to make a brief statement of my case, and the great benefit derived from the use of the Compound Oxygen Treatment for some two months. About ten years ago I had several inflamed dark spots come on both of my ankles. These spots, when they first appeared, were of a dark copper color, and much inflamed and rigid. They gradually grew larger and more troublesome, with always a sensation of numbness, and sometimes paroxysms of most intolerable itching.

"I had for several years previous to the appearance of these spots on my ankles been troubled with inflammatory rheumatism. My joints would be sometimes badly swollen and inflamed. I used gum Gualacum and brandy for about six weeks, and have had no attack of rheumatism since, but those dark spots made their appearance at the end of the gum Gualacum treatment, and gradually increased in size, until both feet were covered with this dark or copper-colored appearance. It also extended up both legs about six inches above the ankle-joints, attended with much inflammation and numbness. My left ankle was always much worse than the right one. I have used hydropathic treatment for a number of years, and the Cuticura treatment of Weeks & Potter, of Boston, Mass., for the past year prior to the Compound Oxygen Treatment, but with very little benefit.

"My left ankle grew much worse, while my right one was soon better. I had much trouble and pain with my left ankle for the three or four months before commencing to use Compound Oxygen. *The whole of the outside of my left foot and ankle resembled in appearance and color a large piece of liver. It was much swollen and as rigid as an iceberg, with nine or ten very painful dry sores. The central one was about one inch in diameter, and most excruciatingly painful. I showed it to several knowing ones, who pronounced it a cancer. Whatever it might be called, it was painful enough.*

"The effects of the Compound Oxygen were truly wonderful. It worked like a charm. In a few days after commencing its use my feet began to bleach out; the lumps all dissolved; *the skin and flesh of my feet soon became soft and white; the sores became less painful and soon began to heal with the aid of Hamburg Salve, which they had refused to do before the Compound Oxygen Treatment.*

"*The sores are all now well, and my feet and ankles are as good as new. In fact, I have got a new pair of legs; for all of which I am indebted to Compound Oxygen.* Respectfully yours,

"H. SPARKS."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

G. R. STARKEY, A. M., M. D.
G. E. PALEN, Ph. B., M. D.
1109 and 1111 Girard St. (Between Chestnut & Market), Phila., Pa.

The effect of Compound Oxygen in this case gives a striking proof of the law governing its action. It had no specific relation to the disease from which the patient was suffering, and did not act directly upon the affected parts, but, instead, infused new vigor into the nervous centres, quickened all the life-forces and restored to healthier activity every organic form in the body, and the result came as a natural and orderly sequence. The case is exceptional only in the character of the disease, not in its cure by Compound Oxygen.

FROM A SISTER OF CHARITY.

The following communication was received by Dr. Jno. Turner, at our Depository, 832 Broadway, New York. It is from a Sister of Charity, whose address will be furnished if desired:

"January 27th, 1882.

"DR. J. TURNER: *Dear Sir.*—Some three months ago I was induced by a friend to whom the 'Home Treatment' has been a real blessing, to obtain a supply of it from your office. I gave it to one person who has been for several years afflicted with Nasal Catarrh. She has been most faithful in using it and with the best results. We are warranted in expecting a perfect cure by the great improvement that has taken place. In another case, where the patient was suffering from general debility, complicated lately by an attack of Malaria, the effect was not so marked. The Treatment has not been used regularly in this case, and the constitution was so debilitated that we could not expect the same results. As you saw this patient, and know how weak she was, you will perhaps think we have been benefited as much as could be expected when I tell you that she is now able to take her class for five hours daily. She is still using the Treatment. A third Treatment ordered for a clergyman is also answering the purpose for which it was recommended, securing a good rest to one who was frequently troubled with insomnia, and preventing to a great extent the feeling of exhaustion consequent upon protracted and laborious many duties. One who got the Treatment from Philadelphia before your office was opened wrote me a week ago: 'I try to prove my gratitude to Drs. Starkey and Palen by telling the truth about Compound Oxygen to every afflicted person I meet; and if I were rich, I would send it to many I know to whom life is often a burden.' You may refer any parties you wish to me personally.

"Respectfully yours,

"SISTER —"

FROM A CLERGYMAN SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.

A clergyman in Cleveland, O., seventy-one years of age, who had preached regularly nearly every Sunday for over fifteen years, says, in a letter dated February 8th, 1882, a few weeks after commencing the use of Compound Oxygen:

"My strength was equal to the work until about a year ago, when I began to fail, and had come to the conclusion that my work, if not my life, was nearly at an end. But now I am quite a new man; yea, the revivifier has introduced new life into my almost dead organs. I can say that I am well, with the exception of a little soreness in my throat. Allow me to give thanks, first to God, and then to you, for this blessed hour of health."